The Outlook

MARCH 1, 1916

Offices, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York

THE STORY OF THE WAR: ERZERUM, AND AFTER

The importance of the fall of Erzerum, briefly reported last week, grows as its effect on the farther advance of the Grand Duke's Army of the Caucasus is studied. Considered merely as a bold military attack, carefully planned and pushed through with astonishing vigor and rapidity, it deserves Lord Kitchener's praise as "a brilliant feat of arms." Since last November Turks and Russians have been trying to outmaneuver one another in the region of which Erzerum is the center and commanding fortress. When the final attack came, Russian courage pressed assault after assault, and the bayonet even more than the big guns drove the blow home. It is true that the Turkish army (estimated at from eighty thousand to one hundred and sixty thousand) escaped practically intact, but it is now divided, and is also at a great disadvantage because of its lack of railway communication with its bases of supply, while the Russians have lines of communication with railways leading right up to the Russian border nearest Erzerum.

The retreat of the Turks westward and southward was followed by the Russians without a moment's delay. Four days after the confirmation of the news of the fall of Erzerum came despatches stating that Russian forces were pushing on toward Trebizond and that the city of Mush had been occupied. Now these two places are in quite opposite directions, and therefore the despatch indicates and illustrates the double purpose of the Grand Duke. Trebizond is an important Turkish port on the Black Sea some hundred and fifty miles northwest of Erzerum; together with the port of Batum, it should give Russia a strong hold on the south shore of the Black Sea and be of vast value in any move toward Constantinople. Mush, on the other hand, is about the same distance southeast of Erzerum, and an advance there threatens Bitlis and Diarbekir, which guard the road toward the incomplete Bagdad Railway; once astride this railway, Russia would threaten the much-advertised German and Turkish advance toward the Suez Canal, and would also threaten the Turkish forces at Bagdad, and thereby aid the British forces south of Bagdad and still shut up in Kut-el-Amara. Here are distinct and positive military benefits that may well inure to the Allies' cause, all growing out of the capture of Erzerum. Sivas and Harput, both on the Bagdad Railway line, are other points of possible attack. Bitlis, in the Lake Van district, and over a hundred miles southwest of Erzerum, is reported as taken by the Russians.

But there is another advantage, a political one, which may quite likely follow. Rumania cannot fail to be influenced in the direction of espousing the Allies' call. With the Russians making headway in the Czernowitz region near the Rumanian border and now with the new Russian advances westward from the Caucasus, the possible support for Rumania increases daily. At present the military situation in the east seems to be that of segregated armies fighting little wars of their own; but, with Rumania once in the line, there appears a reasonable prospect of a joint movement across Bulgaria and threatening Constantinople; for this purpose the Allies at Salonika, the Rumanians north of Bulgaria, the Russians south of the Black Sea, in Bessarabia and east of Galicia, and even the British in Mesopotamia and the Russians in Persia, might form parts of one mighty movement, which would have a positive influence on the war as a whole.

The German forces have been pushing strong offensives on the western line of late in upper Alsace and in the Woevre district, where they claim to have penetrated the French lines for nearly two miles deep over a width of about six miles.

THE PRESIDENT AND ARMED MERCHANTMEN

It was reported in the despatches from Washington on Wednesday of last week that the President had emphatically rejected the proposal of certain leaders of his party in the

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Senate and the House in favor of legislation prohibiting American citizens from traveling on armed merchantmen. The proposal was made, it is said, to relieve the Administration of the burden of protesting against the German plan to torpedo such merchantmen without warning. It was further reported that the President declared that such a joint resolution as these leaders proposed would be contrary to the intentions of the Administration. If this report is true, as we hope it is, the country will, we are sure, sustain the President in this unequivocal stand in support of rights, not only of Americans, but of all non-combatants.

THE HAY BILL

From Washington come reports of the first draft of the Army Bill as it is developing in the House Committee on Military Affairs, of which Mr. Hay is Chairman. Details of this measure are, of course, not yet finally determined. Indications are that it will chiefly provide for a small increase in the regular army, for doubling the capacity of the Military Academy at West Point, for increasing the number of officers in the regular army from four thousand five hundred to seven thousand, and for what is called the federalization of the National Guard. This federalization is to be secured by a system of payment to the officers and men of the National Guard and by providing that the President may draft the organized militia without requisition on the State Governors in time of war. Naturally enough, since the bill has not yet been reported from the Committee, it is not feasible to discuss at this time its proposals in detail. Of course the provision for the training of a larger body of officers, together with the encouragement which, it is said, will be given in this bill to the military schools and land grant colleges, should prove of unquestionable value. There is, however, one fundamental issue of principle raised by this bill which can very properly be treated adequately at the present time.

The Hay Bill proposes to base our main National defense upon a co-ordinated system of State militia; it purports to forge the forty-eight armies of our forty-eight States into a single weapon by means of Federal pay and Congressional enactment. It is obvious that Congress, no matter what its intention, cannot give to the President any power which he does not already possess under the Federal Constitution. We can judge how the application of the President's power over our State militia will work in the future by its effectiveness in the past.

The whole theory of transforming a State force into a National organization at the outbreak of hostilities, an operation inseparable from any use of State militia by the National Government, is false and vicious. Instead of creating for the National Government a united army, such a process has been proved by the cold facts of experience to be but the father of litigation and political dissension. When it comes to meeting the organized military forces of a modern nation, the pitchforks and scythes of our ancestors are infinitely superior weapons to the lawsuits which such a system invites.

In the War of 1812 the Governors of Massachusetts and Connecticut absolutely refused to furnish their quotas of the one hundred thousand militia authorized by Act of Congress. In Massachusetts, the Governor in his action was upheld by the opinion of three members of the highest Court of the State—on the ground that while the Federal Constitution provided that the militia might be employed by the National Government to execute the laws of the Union, to suppress insurrections and repel invasions, the decision as to whether any of these exigencies existed rested with the State authorities! This astonishing doctrine was not finally rejected until 1827, thirteen years after the war was over, when the case of Martin vs. Mott was settled in the Supreme Court of the United States.

Nor were Massachusetts and Connecticut alone in their failure to recognize the vital necessity of the principle of Federal control. In the middle of an active campaign Ohio militia refused to cross the river into Canada, giving as their reason the statement that they were not obliged to serve outside the United States. Vermont, too, supplied its share to our fund of National experience with State forces. The Governor of Vermont, a political opponent of President Madison, actually attempted to incite nothing less than mutiny in the forces enrolled under the Federal Government by ordering a brigade of Vermont militia stationed at Plattsburgh to return to their homes. The fact that the Governor's efforts proved abortive was due to the patriotism and the loyalty of the officers and men of the Vermont brigade, rather than to any virtue in our military organization.

In the face of such experiences as these,

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do the advocates of permitting the military forces to remain in the control of the several States really claim that such past mistakes cannot be repeated? To leave such questions to be settled by the crisis of war is to invite peril.

THE MALADY OF RAILWAYS

Under this title Mr. Howard Elliott, the executive head of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad Company, made a recent address before the Chamber of Commerce of the United States at Washington. Every sensible man must agree with his general statement of the subject: "In spite of errors made in the work of creating the United States railways, they stand to-day as the greatest evidence of constructive work in the world, and even with their early faults and present failures they are the wonder of the world as to their constructive cost, their total service to the public, their high wages and very low rates."

Mr. Elliott estimates that sixty-one million out of our one hundred million population are directly or indirectly interested in the prosperity of railways. Six million people depend in whole or in part on incomes derived from dividend and interest; nine million depend upon railway wages and salaries; five million get their bread and butter from "industrial plants directly dependent upon railway operation;" while thirty million insurance policy-holders and eleven million savings-bank depositors depend more or less upon the investment of their funds in railway securities.

In spite of these facts, less railway mileage was built in the year 1915 than in any year since 1864, and railways with a total mileage of over forty thousand miles are bankrupt and in the hands of receivers.

The railways, Mr. Elliott says, are in need of capital and of new equipment which they cannot get. A great strike is threatened which may conceivably become National in extent. The mass of legislation and ordinances regarding railways is gigantic and confusing. And, last of all, under the policy of State regulation the railways have not one master to serve, but forty-nine masters.

To our mind the last item of Mr. Elliott's just complaint contains the crux of the whole question. If railways are to continue to be private property in this country, they must submit to regulation, but in justice to them that regulation should be unified in Federal control and not divided up between the Federal Government and forty-eight conflicting States.

In the meantime, although the railway managers of the country as a class are taking a much broader and more patriotic view of their responsibilities than they did twenty-five years ago, they are still suffering as a class from sins of omission and commission of some of their number. For example, there lie before us some letters from a civil and railway engineer of responsibility who says:

> How can we reconcile the alleged desire [of the railways] to receive "only fair treatment" at the hands of the public and its representatives with the use of such methods as are typified by instances of duplicity and reckless disregard of the value of consistency such as follow?
>
> In a proceeding before the Supreme Court of the State of New York to determine the proper assessable value of its property, one of our greatest railways recently introduced expert testimony to prove that its roadbed, cuts, and embankments could be reproduced at an average cost of 10 cents per cubic yard. This low price was based upon the possibility of securing immense quantities of slag from the Youngstown mill district, hauling it about 175 miles at a total cost to the railroad of 2 cents a yard for hauling and 1 cent a yard for unloading and putting in embankments, notwithstanding that the freight rate between these points gives the railroad a revenue of about $1.52 per cubic yard as compared with the sworn cost of hauling of 2 cents per cubic yard.
>
> In this same case a large structure of reinforced concrete carrying a four-track railroad over a gorge about 100 feet deep was sworn to be reproducible at a total cost per cubic yard of less than $2.50, whereas it is unquestionable that the lowest possible cost would be from $8.00 to $10.00 per cubic yard.
>
> In another case the automatic block signals controlling the operation of a four-track road over which very rapid trains between New York and Chicago run daily were sworn to be depreciated seventy per cent.

Our correspondent, in commenting upon these facts, points out that the Court of Appeals of the State of New York has established as a measure of value of railway properties for taxation the cost to reproduce such property less physical depreciation. On the other hand, the Federal Government has decreed in deciding questions of capitalization and earnings that the valuation of a railway should be based upon the cost of reproduction. Before the State courts the railways desire to make their cost of repro-

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duction as low as possible in order to get low taxes, whereas before the Federal Government the railways desire to make their cost of reproduction as high as possible in order to be permitted to make what they consider a fair rate of capitalization. Our correspondent's comment is pertinent: "If the railroads testify in tax cases that earth embankment costs but 10 cents per cubic yard and rock excavation but 15 cents, then there can be no justification for their asking rates based upon an alleged cost of reproduction of such items three and four times as great."

Again we ask, can section hands receiving $1.53 a day, upon whose skill and care in detecting broken rails the lives of passengers depend, be blamed for asking for a living wage when they read in the newspapers that railway men of National reputation, as has been brought out in the Public Service investigation in New York City, are dissatisfied when they receive wages amounting to one hundred thousand dollars a year and spend out of their companies' treasuries in one contract two million dollars for what they call "commitments and obligations"? Every railway man in this country who has read the proceedings knows what those words imply.

The present "malady" of the railways is not due entirely to legislation, bad as much of it is; or to the demands of labor, unreasonable as some of them are; or to the prejudice of the public, unfair and ignorant as part of it may justly be called.

THE TREATY WITH NICARAGUA

The United States Senate has ratified by a large majority (55 to 18) the long-pending treaty with Nicaragua; fifteen Republicans voted with the Democratic Senators. There is practically no doubt that Nicaragua will ratify the treaty.

As it now stands, the United States agrees to pay $3,000,000 for a ninety-nine years' lease, with the option of renewal for a further term of ninety-nine years, of two islands (Great Corn and Little Corn, they are called) in Fonseca Bay, with the right to establish and maintain a naval station or base on the shore of Fonseca Bay. The laws and authority of the United States are to control these concessions absolutely. There is no doubt of the strategic and naval value of these rights for the protection of the Panama Canal, and alone they are worth, in the view of experts, the price. Of less practical and positive value is Nicaragua's grant to the United States of a right in perpetuity to construct (free of taxation or charge) an interoceanic canal over any route in Nicaraguan territory, details of construction, operation, and maintenance to be agreed upon if the occasion arises. The route by the San Juan River and Great Lake is specifically named, and is, we suppose, the only really practical route. It is extremely unlikely that we shall ever want to build a second canal to compete with the Panama Canal, but by holding this grant we can prevent any attempt by others to provide such a competitor.

That Nicaragua shall derive actual benefit from the money received and strengthen its financial credit thereby is guarded by a proviso that the money be applied to the national debt or to such public purposes as may be approved by the Secretary of State of the United States "or such person as he may designate." This clause may conceivably loosen the rein a little too much, but it is hardly likely that any disposition will be approved that is not sound and reasonable.

The opinion is almost universal that the Nicaraguan treaty will go far to establish better relations between the two countries, and that it is a fair give-and-take arrangement. The opposition to the treaty as originally agreed upon was largely based on provisions which resembled those of our Platt Amendment in the establishing of Cuba as a self-governing republic. The opponents, the most prominent being Senator Borah, asserted that our relations to Nicaragua were radically different from those with Cuba; that the assent given to this proposal by Nicaragua was not that of the people, but of a political clique kept in power, they alleged, by United States military force; and that to attempt to control Nicaragua's internal affairs or foreign debts would simply incite to new revolutions. Another objection made was that the concession might injure existing rights of Salvador, Honduras, and Costa Rica. Neither of these objections applies to the treaty as ratified; the so-called "Platt Amendment" clauses have been omitted, and the rights of the other Central American republics have been carefully guarded.

AMERICANIZATION

Our reports of the recent shocking labor riot in the industrial city of East Youngstown, Ohio, have led to some very interesting correspondence with an influential citizen of

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the energetic community of Youngstown. Our correspondent says that The Outlook was inaccurate in its account of the East Youngstown strike riot. His grounds for this statement are three, namely: that we said that the mob was thirteen thousand in number, while three thousand is the more accurate figure; that we said that eight men were killed by gun-fire, while there were only four deaths as a result of the riot; and that the mob was opposed by "hired detectives" employed by the mill managers, while the guards fighting the mob were not temporary but regular employees of the mills.

It is quite probable that in these details The Outlook's report was inaccurate. It is almost impossible in a time of excitement like that at East Youngstown to obtain what may be called a scientific statement of the facts. Those who are familiar with the discrepancies in the records and statements of the histories of the Civil War written after fifty years of study and comparison know how difficult it is to obtain unified agreement as to minute particulars of a battle. The main point at issue, however, is not a matter of detail but of general principle. The accepted facts are that there was an outbreak of civil war in East Youngstown; that in the gun-fire at least four men were killed; and that the conflict was between an organization of American employers and a mob of unintelligent and in some respects ignorant alien workmen.

This situation, as our Youngstown correspondent says, is not peculiar to East Youngstown, but is true of scores of localities of the United States. On the general principle involved The Outlook is in hearty agreement with its correspondent, who states that principle admirably in his letter to us, as follows:

> It is difficult to analyze the disturbance at East Youngstown. It was not a strike nor the act of strikers. It was rather a drunken debauch, a wild revel instigated by certain unscrupulous agitators, many probably with criminal records (not yet definitely established), and carried out by a mob crazed with drink composed almost entirely of foreigners with the strength of men and the mental development of twelve-year-old boys. In their advanced state of intoxication they in no way realized what they were doing. Had they realized, would they, apparently without discrimination, have burned the homes of their neighbors and friends? Would they have wantonly destroyed the stores and stolen merchandise of the merchants with whom they traded daily, and who had extended them credit time and again?
>
> You are quite correct in saying that a lesson is to be learned from the unfortunate occurrence at East Youngstown. It is just this: We Americans must arise to our responsibilities. We must develop without delay some comprehensive plan to handle the aliens who daily come to our shores. This is not a matter for an individual employer nor a single community, but for the whole country. These people from the countries of southern Europe must be taught our language, methods of sanitation, and clean living. They must be taught our laws and our customs. They must be encouraged to take an interest in the communities in which they live, and finally to love and honor this United States as their United States.
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> It is one of the burning questions of the day; the cause of many sleepless nights to those acquainted with conditions.

The letter from which we thus quote is an encouraging sign of the times. Employers all over the country are beginning to take an active interest in this burning question. Americanization work has revolutionized the anthracite fields of Pennsylvania in five years. It can revolutionize conditions at East Youngstown in at least the same period. Money will not do it. It takes self-sacrifice and human sympathy, two of the most expensive but most delightful luxuries in the world. We have already printed an account of what Rochester is doing in Americanization, and we hope before long to print an account of similar work in Detroit. Do not let us forget, however, that some of our great employers need to be Americanized as well as our employees—those employers, we mean, who seem to be unaware of the fact that the American Republic was founded to protect life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. We are sorry to say that we have seen more than one American mill town in which the pursuit of happiness, to say nothing about life and liberty, was more impossible than in a surgical ward of a great hospital in which sanitation, soap, and sympathy are well combined in an effort to make the inmates strong and cheerful.

We may say in passing, as an illustration of the difficulties that an editor has to deal with, that in about the same mail which brought our Youngstown correspondent's letter saying that our report of the East Youngstown strike riot was unjust to the employers, there came a highly intelligent letter from a subscriber in Washington, D. C., discontinuing her subscription on the ground that the

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report of the East Youngstown riot was wholly unfair to the employees!

LAW AND LYNCHING IN GEORGIA

After dallying with the spirit of the mob the State of Georgia is beginning to realize the danger of lawlessness.

This is a cheering sign at a time when Georgia has gained distinction for the number of its lynchings. It is estimated that one-fourth of all the lynchings in the United States in 1915 occurred in this one State of Georgia. Along with this violent form of lawlessness has occurred the more insidious but quite as destructive form of lawlessness exhibited in the defiance of the prohibitory law and the laws for the suppression of vice.

In Atlanta the citizens who want to see law and order maintained have been engaged in an active struggle for many months. The present struggle began when Police Chief Beavers, who held office under the civil service, began to enforce the law in September, 1912. His offending consisted in interfering with the rents derived from places conducted in violation of law, and in enforcing the law against clubs with somewhat the same zeal that he showed against less fashionable places. Chief Beavers was tried by the Police Commission. His record showed that he had never been disobedient and had never received even a reprimand either as patrolman or as officer. The spirit of his trial is indicated by the fact that one of the commissioners admitted that he had employed attorneys to prosecute Beavers, though he was sitting as a judge on Beavers's case. When the charges were filed against the Chief, believers in law enforcement attempted to plead his case before the public through the newspapers by inserting advertisements. These advertisements were prepared by a committee representing the Evangelical Ministers' Association. The newspapers refused to continue printing these advertisements, and the advocates of law and reform were without a voice. The Police Chief was found guilty of insubordination and was reduced to a captaincy, which he declined to accept.

Some of the advocates of reform started a weekly paper known as "The Way." Its twelfth number appeared on February 18. It is a paper devoted not wholly to reform, for it has its own rather pacifist views on preparedness and rather belligerent views on certain other political issues; but it gives the reform element a chance to let its voice be heard.

As a result of a petition filed last December by the believers in law and order, a recall election was held. It resulted in a defeat for the reform element. The issue evidently was confused in the minds of a good many voters. For example, one of the men who opposed Chief Beavers in his effort to enforce the law was a respected and prominent citizen and banker who had been elected to the Police Board by the City Council; and a good many people of Atlanta felt that some of the reformers were fanatics who were trying to humiliate this old and prominent citizen. Indeed, the business men and the newspapers of the city were almost at one in this belief that the principal thing was to save the reputation and career of this man. So the authorities that ousted the police chief who undertook to enforce the law were kept in office.

Nevertheless, the agitation has served a good purpose. Lynching and "blind tigers" are now on the defensive in Georgia. The campaign for the Governorship is going to center more and more about this question of law enforcement. The present Governor, Nathaniel E. Harris, has taken a strong ground for law enforcement, and it is significant that his opponent for the nomination, Dr. L. G. Hardman, is not a defender of the mob, as Thomas Watson is. What has been called the "lynching of Beavers" has helped to make the issue acute. It has now become a question in Georgia whether the men who are chosen to enforce the law shall suffer for observing their oath of office.

LIQUOR LEGISLATION IN NEW YORK STATE

The map of New York State published on the next page shows the amount of territory which has been made dry even under the hostile provisions of the present liquor law. In New York State only towns are permitted to vote upon the liquor question. The cities have no voice in determining whether they shall or shall not be dry. That is why such a city as Ithaca, for instance, in the heart of a dry county and desirous of going dry itself, can find no statutory remedy for its liquor problems.

The effect of the present Raines Law in eliminating cities from the wet and dry vote can be graphically seen when it is said that, despite the great white areas on the

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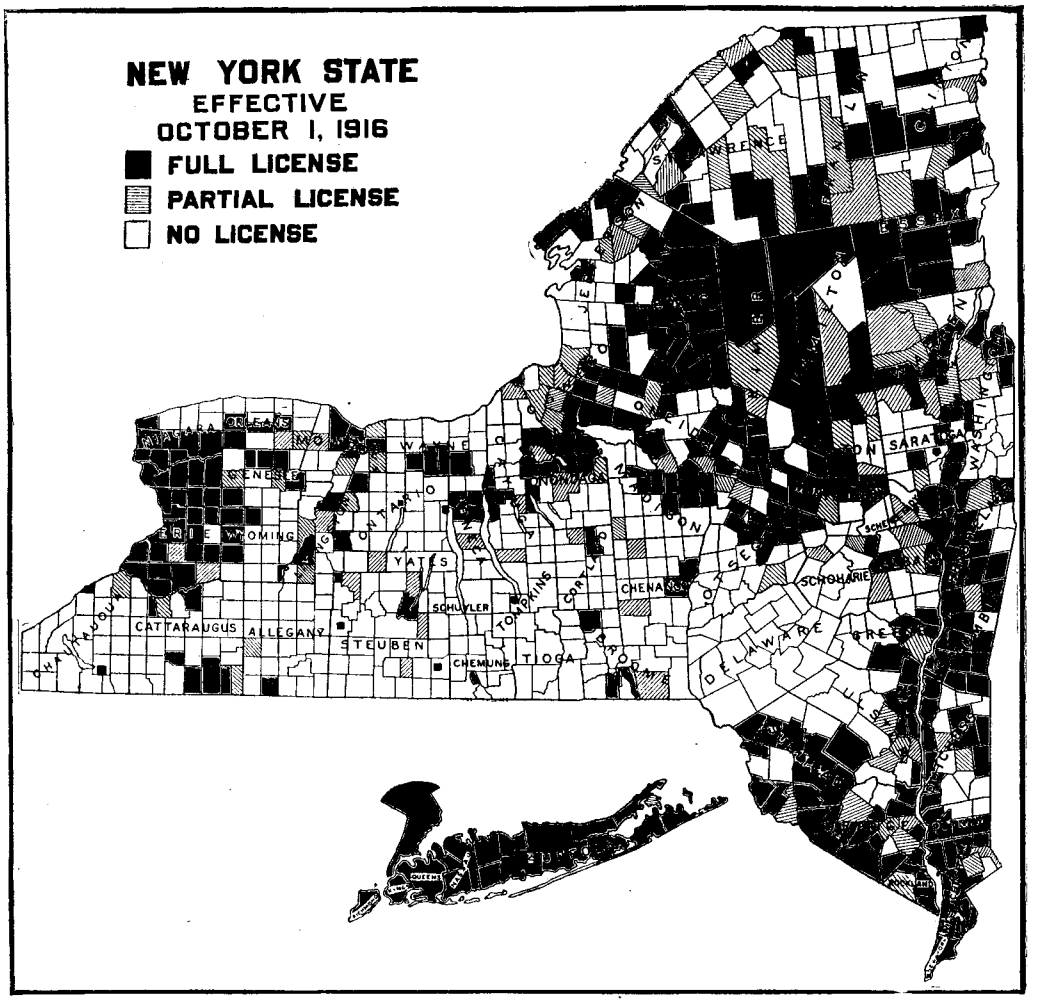

WET AND DRY AREAS IN NEW YORK STATE

Some of the shaded portions are virtually as dry as the white, for towns in which liquor can be sold only on prescription are included in the shaded portions

map, some ninety per cent of New York's population lives under license, and about ten per cent lives in dry territory. As a cure for the present widespread disenfranchisement, so far as the liquor traffic is concerned, the Anti-Saloon League in 1914 introduced a bill which extended the right to vote "wet or dry" to practically every political subdivision of the State. This bill, revised and reintroduced in this year's Legislature under the title of the "Optional Prohibition Referendum Bill," permits a vote on the liquor question by any election district or combination of adjoining districts in any city of the first or second class, any village in a wet town, any town, any city, large or small, any county having no city over fifty thousand, any county exclusive of such a city, and the entire State as a whole. Together with this extension of electoral privileges the bill contains certain enforcement features vitally necessary if it is to become something more than a resolution of good intentions.

This Optional Prohibition Referendum Bill, which is being backed by the ever-accumulating sentiment of the business and temperance forces of the State, embodies the experiences which the Anti-Saloon League and its officers have had in fighting for the restriction and elimination of the saloon during the past twenty years. It is to-day substantially the same measure which has worked so successfully in Illinois—plus what has been learned from the fruits of litigation and judicial interpretation since the passage of the Illinois measure.

One of the most interesting features of this

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bill is that it does not repeal the present objectionable Raines Law, but is rather superimposed upon it. No political unit or political subdivision comes under the provisions of the new law until it has itself voted to do so. Towns which are already dry under the Raines Law can, if satisfied with their present dryness, remain so without drawing a single petition or casting a single vote. If, however, they desire the further protection of the excellent enforcement provisions of the new bill, they can so decide by popular election. Thus, though the new bill is distinctly democratic and even-handed in its provisions towards both advocates and enemies of the saloon, it nevertheless cannot be used to extend saloon territory into districts already dry. A dry vote under the proposed bill may be later reversed; but the bill is so drawn that a vote under its provisions cannot be used to reverse a dry vote under any other measure.

It is the view of The Outlook that this measure deserves the hearty support of all those interested in the extension of democratic government, for its provisions are directly in accordance with this principle.

It should receive the support of those interested in the elimination of the political power of the liquor interests, for it is drawn, not as a protective revenue measure, but as a social document.

Though frankly designed to prepare New York for State-wide or National prohibition, it should receive the support of those interested purely in local temperance reform, for its provisions in this regard are equable and just, and should prove effective and enforceable.

CHINESE RISINGS

The Chinese risings in the north and south are of note, especially that in the south. The northern rising is in Mongolia, and is said to have little to do with the change of form of government at Peking from a republic to a monarchy. Moreover, it is believed to have been instigated by Russia for her own purposes.

The affair arising in the southern province of Yunnan, however, is of a distinctly anti-monarchical character. It broke out directly upon the announcement that the elections in all the provinces had shown the voice of China to be for a return to monarchy. That these elections, in one province at least, had been "doctored" by President Yuan Shi-kai in his ambition to become Emperor was indicated by the immediate appearance of a body of rebels variously estimated at from fifty to a hundred and fifty thousand; they spread over much of the province (despite the fact that it has never fully recovered from the massacres following previous rebellions) and into the adjacent province of Szechuan. Yunnan and Szechuan have been economic contrasts in one former great resource—the poppy. Its product varied in value according to the locality in which it was produced, that of Yunnan being the cheapest and that of Szechuan the costliest.

The province of Yunnan is in the extreme southwest of China, and is bounded by Tongking, Siam, and Burma. Its numerous deep defiles make it an ideal land for warfare, especially in the west and in the wild northern part, where it joins the mountainous Szechuan, the largest, richest, and most populous province of China proper—its population being generally assumed to be about sixty million. Szechuan is also a difficult land for any government to manage if its population should become disaffected. The despatches indicate that the Yunnan rebels have now overrun some of Szechuan. We read of towns captured by the rebels and also of Government victories. It is not easy to know from "inspired" despatches, whether from one side or the other, exactly what is happening.

The feature of the situation which will appeal most to Americans, however, is that with the rebels' approach to Chengtu, with its million inhabitants, the capital of Szechuan, and the most progressive of pure Chinese cities, they draw near to the West China University, recently established by American initiative, with President Yuan's personal, moral, and financial support. The interesting and attractive character of the inhabitants of the great hill and mountain land as revealed by the initial labors of our educators will cause some surmises as to whether a desire for republicanism may not have developed along China's western border not to be easily overthrown. Certainly, as has been well said, these remote Chinese, free from the impressions left by gunboat diplomacy, are in a better mood to appreciate republican ideas.

Whether because of this or because of difficulties in foreign recognition, the ceremonies attendant upon the transformation of a president into an emperor have not yet taken place. When they do, let us hope that a strictly constitutional monarchy will have been established, a government not only

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CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

Cassel in the New York Evening World

STEALING T. R.'S CLOTHES

A HUMOROUS VIEW OF MR. ROOT'S ATTACK ON THE ADMINISTRATION

Kirby in the New York World

OUTSIDE THE BREASTWORKS

THE PACIFIST AND THE MILITANT SECRETARIES AGREE IN DISAGREEING WITH THE PRESIDENT

Marcus in the New York Times

LOOKS LIKE A SPRING CLEANING

U. S.: "I'm sorry to disturb your pets, but I'm going to get a pair of real dogs for those kennels."

CONGRESS MUST NOT LET "PORK" DISPLACE PREPAREDNESS

Carter in the New York Evening Sun

MERCHANT SHIPS
SUBMARINE
LANSING LETTER SUGGESTING THAT U.S. MIGHT DECLARE MERCHANTMEN ARMED FOR DEFENCE
NO INTENTION OF CHANGING EXISTING LAWS

"ACH! WHO WILL PROTECT US FROM THOSE LAMBS?"

THE SUBMARINE WOLF AND THE MERCHANTMAN LAMBS

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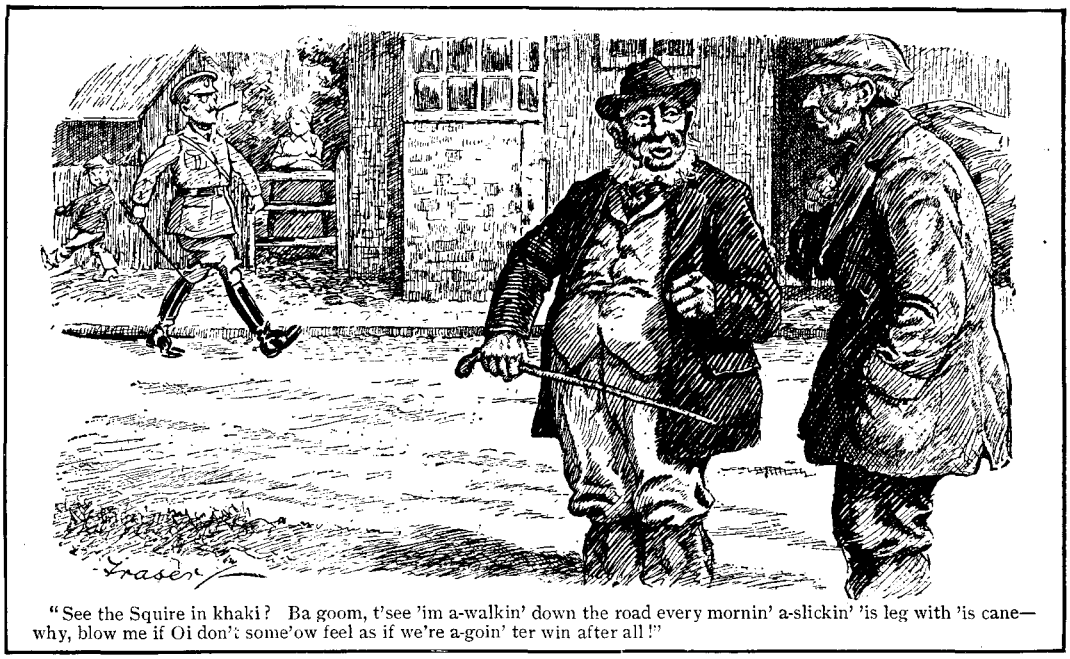
CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

From the Passing Show (London)



"See the Squire in khaki? Ba goom, t'see 'im a-walkin' down the road every mornin' a-slickin' 'is leg with 'is cane—why, blow me if Oi don't some'ow feel as if we're a-goin' ter win after all!"

HODGE SEES VICTORY IF THE SQUIREARCHY ONCE BEGIN TO FIGHT!

From Reynolds's Newspaper (London)

General Dugout Dolittle (of the Air Defence Department): "Beastly nuisance, you know, this sawt of thing—we shall really have to do something or other if the bounders don't stop it!"

A SLACKER IN THE WAR OFFICE TOO?

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suited to the traditions, character, and attainments of the Chinese people, but also offering a correspondence with the ideas and ideals of modern democracies.

THE PROPOSED DISFIGUREMENT OF WASHINGTON

The beauty of the National capital and of the park system in Washington will be seriously impaired if the proposed Central Heat, Light, and Power Plant is erected on the site near the Potomac River that is contemplated by the Department of the Treasury. The appropriation for this plant was granted by Congress in 1913. The site chosen is a tract of land bordering on the Potomac and just off the area included in what is well known as the Washington Mall. The plans call for the erection of a power-house 178 feet long by 126 feet wide, and of a height of about 90 feet above the level of the river, on which are to be imposed four large chimney-stacks, each about sixteen feet in diameter and extending to a height of about 180 feet above the ground, or 190 feet above the river.

Despite the assertion of Assistant Secretary Newton of the Treasury Department to the contrary, any one who knows Washington must believe the word of the American Institute of Architects, the American Federation of Arts, the American Institute of Consulting Engineers, and, last but not least, the Federal Commission of Fine Arts, that the erection of such a building would be a blot on the landscape of the capital from every point of observation in the city.

A correspondent of The Outlook in whose trustworthiness we have confidence writes that "the proposed plant would be a disagreeable object in view from the most prominent points in the National capital, particularly from the Capitol, the White House, the Lincoln Memorial, from Potomac Park and from Arlington."

The resentment of art experts and of many laymen has been particularly aroused by the fact that the contract for the building was let by the Secretary of the Treasury at least ten days before the plans for the building were laid before the Federal Commission of Fine Arts, although an executive order specifies "that whenever new structures are to be erected in the District of Columbia . . . final action shall not be taken until such plans and questions have been submitted to the Commission of Fine Arts." The Commission did not become aware that the plans had been completed until the contract had been placed. The Commission thereupon sent for the plans and promptly disapproved of them. But apparently the Treasury Department intends to go ahead, and will do so unless public opinion is aroused and expressed in no uncertain manner in condemnation of this proposed disfigurement of Washington.

MOTHERS' PENSIONS

The Legislature of the State of Washington has excluded divorced and deserted women from the benefits of the Mothers' Pension Law because of the alleged reason that the law encourages divorce and desertion. Officers in charge have reported cases where the woman would say to her husband: "I won't put up with you any longer. I would rather take twenty-five dollars from the county," and where the man would abandon his wife and children knowing that the county would take care of them.

On the other hand, at least three-quarters of the divorced or deserted mothers in Washington, we learn, are really worthy of the pension. The question is, therefore, Does such a law do more good to the worthy three-quarters or harm to the one-quarter who might be divorced or deserted because of it? Twenty-seven States in addition to the State of Washington have Mothers' Pension laws. In all of them it would seem that the broad terminology of "parent" or "mother" in the laws would probably be construed to include both divorced and deserted women even where such women are not specifically mentioned.

A very strict interpretation, however, in accordance with a recent judgment of the Iowa Supreme Court, might possibly compel twelve of the twenty-seven States to exclude divorced and deserted women.

NARROW AND BROAD INTERPRETATIONS

The following is a brief synopsis of the limitations which the various Mothers' Pension laws place upon the recipient:

California. Widow.

Colorado. *Any parent* unable to care for child, but otherwise a proper guardian.

Illinois. Widow or woman whose husband is totally incapacitated.

Idaho. Widow or woman whose husband is in prison.

Iowa. Widow or woman whose husband is in prison or insane asylum.

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Kansas. Widow, *divorced mother*, or woman whose husband is in prison or insane asylum, totally incapacitated, or has *deserted* three months.

Massachusetts. *Mother.*

Michigan. Widow, *deserted* wife, unmarried or *divorced mother*, if otherwise a proper guardian.

Minnesota. Widow or woman whose husband is in prison, insane asylum, or is totally incapacitated.

Missouri. Widow or woman whose husband is in prison or insane asylum.

Montana. Widow or woman whose husband is in prison or insane asylum or unable to work.

Nebraska. *Any parent* unable to care for child, but otherwise proper guardian.

Nevada (1913). *Any parent* or grandparent.

Nevada (1915). Widow or woman whose husband is in prison or insane asylum, is totally incapacitated, or has *deserted* one year.

North Dakota. *Mother*, if proper guardian.

New Hampshire. *Mother.*

New Jersey. Widow.

New York. Widow.

Ohio. Widow or woman whose husband is in prison, is totally incapacitated, or has deserted three years, if otherwise a proper guardian.

Oklahoma. Widow or woman whose husband is in prison or insane.

Oregon. Widow or woman whose husband is in prison, insane asylum, or is totally incapacitated.

Pennsylvania. Widow or *deserted* wife.

South Dakota. Widow or woman whose husband is in prison or is totally incapacitated.

Tennessee. Widow or woman whose husband is unable physically or mentally to support children, if otherwise a proper guardian.

Utah. *Mother.*

Washington. Widow or woman whose husband is in prison or insane asylum, is totally incapacitated, or has deserted one year.

Wisconsin. *Any parent* or guardian.

Wyoming. Widow or woman whose husband is in prison or is permanently incapacitated or has *deserted* one year, if otherwise a proper guardian.

A broad interpretation has been expressed by the California Supreme Court, which states that the Mothers' Pension Fund of that State could not be withheld from the children of divorced mothers any more than can free public education be withheld from those children. In other words, according to this decision, the Mothers' Pension Fund is just as much a public fund as is the public school fund.

The question is thus one of wide human interest. If there are practical limitations to be applied to the general principle, they can be determined only by experience. An article on the subject of Mothers' Pensions will be found elsewhere in this issue.

WAR'S NEW SLANG

"Will the war exercise an influence on the French language?" inquires the Paris "Temps."

Such a question can hardly be answered until after the war. All that can be at present affirmed is that certain slang expressions seem to have made their abiding-place as belonging legitimately to the language.

Boche is the word which would first occur to us. Not so in the "Temps" editorial. It gives first place to *poilu* (hairy), the word applied to the French common soldier, corresponding to the British "Tommy Atkins," and declares that in its new meaning it belongs henceforth to the French language. Some people claim that the new significance of valor has nothing to do with the hairy condition of the soldiers in the trenches. Why not? asks the "Temps." Its primordial sense is that of "male, masculine." The "Temps" quotes the dictionary-maker Brissaud, who says "hairs are the sign of virile force." The passage in Balzac's "Médecin de Campagne" is also quoted, concerning the bridgemakers at the Beresina, where General Eblé "could find but forty-two hardy (*poilus*) enough to undertake this work." So the term as applied to the brave in this war has a fairly long root, even if not generally known. We may expect any time to learn that some scholar will discover that Esau was the first *poilu*. However, doubtless the incredible rapidity of operations during the present war and the lack of any leisure in the trenches make the soldiers *hairier* than ever, and so give, as the "Temps" claims, a new significance to the quality of the men at the front.

Boche, the term which the French soldier applies to the German, as the Confederate called the Union soldier "Yank," has also existed for half a century, as the writings of Delvau, Boutmy, Courteline, and Bruant prove. But it has become so suddenly generalized and popularized that one may regard it as war loot. We are sorry that the "Temps" did not have something to say about its actual source.

Marmite (pot) is the term applied in France to a great shell, and has a still longer antiquity than the others, being found in an old "Dictionnaire militaire" published in 1758. Its present popularity is shown by its use in

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the title of one of the French publications, "L'Echo des Marmites."

Zigouiller (to kill) has a savage sound, and one might suppose its present use induced by the Algerians fighting in France and for France. It appears, however, that it is a provincialism found near Poitiers.

Tacot is a word which seems to have no ancestry and to be purely a product of the present war. It is applied to an automobile of poor quality.

Boyau, no longer slang, means a ditch leading to the trenches. *Auge* (trough, and not the German "eye") is the expression applied to "platter." But the universal phrase used now by French, English, and Germans alike, "*Na pooh*," is perhaps the most noteworthy of all. The expression stands for "*Il n'y a plus*," and if one pronounces that phrase as fast as possible a listener at a little distance might hear only "*Na pooh.*" The term means "the end," or "nothing more." The other day the New York "Evening Post" quoted an impressive sentence in which the expression occurred: "Poor Bill got na-poohed by a rifle grenade yesterday."

As the "Temps" says, words invented by popular fancy seem specially full of color and peculiarly expressive.

WANTED, A NATIONAL PARK SERVICE

Our National Government owns fourteen National parks, with a total area of nearly five million acres, all under the jurisdiction of the Department of the Interior. It also owns thirty-one National monuments, of which nineteen are in the Department of the Interior, ten in the Department of Agriculture, and two in the War Department. Under existing arrangements, there has been no central organization for the uniform administration of these splendid possessions.

In a special Message to Congress, February 2, 1912, President Taft said: "I earnestly recommend the establishment of a bureau of National parks. In only one case have we made anything like adequate preparation for the use of a park by the public. Every consideration of patriotism and the love of nature and of beauty and art requires us to spend money enough to bring all these National wonders within easy reach of our people. The first step in that direction is the establishment of a responsible bureau which shall take upon itself the burden of supervising the parks and making recommendations as to the best method of improving their accessibility and usefulness."

This state of disorganization in regard to our National parks has been commented upon by many other speakers and writers of authority. The continuance of the present system, or lack of system, results in a definite loss to the people of the United States which cannot be computed in dollars and cents. Such a bureau as has been proposed would not only serve to organize our parks under uniform control, but would act as a means of educating the American people in the use of and enjoyment of their own vast property. How such a campaign of education and information might work can be learned by a study of the park system of our northern neighbor. Canada, through its Department of Parks, has so successfully exploited its possessions that during the season of 1915, when there was such a large volume of travel through the West, Canadian parks attracted in the aggregate more visitors than the parks of the United States. A bill looking to the establishment of such a bureau of parks in the Department of the Interior has been introduced in the House by Congressman Kent, of California. It is not our purpose here to discuss the details of this particular bill, but the principles upon which it is based seem to us just and unquestionably wise. The adoption of this or any similar measure would be a long step in the direction of the simplification and organization of one of the really important activities of the Federal Government.

THE YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

In Boston, on March 3, 1866, the Young Women's Christian Association was organized. Some one had said that the reasons for providing a Christian association with its combination of religious and secular activities for young men were equally strong with regard to girls. Of course they were.

Two downtown rooms were fitted up as headquarters. The hostess of these rooms, Miss Mary Foster, was the first general secretary in any Young Women's Christian Association. Miss Foster helped girls to find work and boarding places. Then educational classes were formed—first a singing class, then penmanship, bookkeeping, history, and science classes. There was a prayer-meeting on Thursday nights.

A letter sent to the New England clergy-

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men asking them to give the Association's address to any girls going to Boston for the first time, met with such a response that the headquarters had to be enlarged. It is interesting to note that Longfellow's name is on the list of subscribers to the necessary $40,000.

And so the work grew. It was copied in other places, but the Boston Association has always kept a certain lead; for instance, it had the first real gymnasium in any Young Women's Christian Association. It was the Boston organization, too, which started classes in cookery. Again, it was Boston that first called in a physician to instruct the members of the Young Women's Christian Association in emergency cases. No wonder that now all the Associations throughout America are helping Boston celebrate her fiftieth anniversary!

The Young Women's Christian Association of America now comprises 342,300 members in 250 cities. Think of what it means to interpret the Christian life to all these girls and in all these places!

Economically, too, there is just now a special field for the work. Industrial demands are compelling more and more young women to become wage-earners. The Association holds out a peculiarly protecting hand to all these women of many home lands when we consider that twenty-six nationalities are represented on its membership roll. Though the Association has had a wonderful past, its best days, we believe, are ahead.

There is no question of vital moment to the development of young women foreign to its interests. It may be night-class study; it may be dancing; it may be an employment bureau or the distribution of immigrant girls; it may be lunch-rooms or it may be summer camps; it is sure to be the steady influence of those whose lives have been transformed into altruism by the power of religion seeking to help the body, mind, and soul of "the other girl."

THE PINE BLISTER RUST

The Outlook has already called attention to the menace now threatening the Nation's wealth in white pine. The so-called blister rust has already appeared in the New England States and New York, and conditions are favorable for its spread throughout the region inhabited by the white pine in the Lake and Western States and the sugar pine of the Pacific Coast region. The areas already badly affected vary in size from a few square yards up to one of hundreds of square miles.

The blister rust is so called because of open blisters—yellow spots with irregular white edges—of the parasite breaking through the smooth bark of a young tree. In the current number of that increasingly admirable magazine "American Forestry" Dr. Perley Spaulding, the Department of Agriculture's pathologist, tells us that this white edge is part of a very thin, rather tough white membrane. This at first is completely closed and is somewhat rounded, much resembling a blister. After a few days, so Mr. Spaulding says, the top of the blister breaks loose and falls off, leaving merely the ragged edges of the membrane projecting upright around the cavity in the bark. Upon the breaking of the blister, he adds, one notes that the entire cavity within is filled with a mass of very fine bright-yellow powder or spores, each grain of which acts as a seed in starting the disease in a new place. These blisters are found from late April to the middle of June.

Now comes the curious feature which The Outlook has already reported. The parasite causing the disease cannot go directly from pine to pine. For a time it must live on the leaves of wild or cultivated currants and gooseberries. The yellow spores from the pine infect currant or gooseberry leaves, whose under surfaces in about a fortnight show numerous very tiny masses of orange-colored mealy powder. These masses, Mr. Spaulding explains, are hardly larger than a pin-head: they may be scattered or may be so abundant as to form an almost continuous dusty layer, from which clouds of yellowish powder float when the leaf is disturbed, the powder being a second form of spore. It in turn infects other currant or gooseberry leaves.

With the beginning of cooler weather a third form of spore is produced upon the lower surface of currant and gooseberry leaves, mainly in small groups of hairy outgrowths, each of which contains from two to twelve filaments hardly a quarter of an inch high, usually arranged in small circles. Upon these filaments numerous tiny spores are produced. They cannot attack currant or gooseberry leaves, but can attack the young bark of white pines. According to Mr. Spaulding, when one of these spores alights, it pushes its roots into the bark tissues, and once in the soft bark goes into a

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period of incubation from somewhat less than a year to six years or more.

All of the three forms of spores are mainly distributed by the wind.

Having thus explained the disease, Mr. Spaulding issues this timely counsel: If an owner believes that symptoms of the disease have been discovered, he should mail specimens to the Pathologist of the Bureau of Plant Industry in the Department of Agriculture.

Unanimity of action should be secured. Infected trees and currant and gooseberry bushes in their neighborhood must be destroyed. Shipment of pine seedlings from infected sections must be prevented. The country must be saved from a disaster in comparison with which that which has destroyed our chestnut trees is but a small affair.

THE THREE ARTS CLUB

Among the many beneficial activities of New York City is the Three Arts Club. Included in this title are music, the drama, and the fine arts, the latter caption also comprising the so-called arts and crafts. Any woman studying with a view towards self-support or supporting herself in one of these arts is eligible for associate membership. This membership is divided into resident and non-resident classes. The resident members must be under thirty years of age and unmarried. The Club's object is to provide a home for such women. The annual dues of all members are a dollar a year. The rates for single rooms and three meals a day are from $8.50 to $9.50 a week.

Twelve years ago the Club started in a small apartment with a membership of five girls. To-day it occupies a six-story apartment-house at 340 West Eighty-fifth Street, with accommodations for eighty-three resident members and a large number of non-residents. During the past twelve months, aside from the non-residents, 316 have registered as members of the household. Some remained a few weeks only, many several months, and a few have been at the Club for some years. It is interesting to note that of the total number 77 come in the domain of music, 140 under the head of dramatic art, and 99 under the fine arts. Furthermore, it is interesting to know that the professional dramatic girls come and go two or three times during the year.

The nucleus of the Club's home life appears to be the tea hour and the dance after dinner, the Sunday afternoon musical programmes, and the evening entertainments. Home talent is not the only source of pleasure, for professional dramatic readings and music recitals are given in the club-rooms.

This excellent work of women for women has now, we are glad to say, been imitated in other cities. The Chicago Club, with a resident membership of one hundred, is already self-supporting.

A GREAT YEAR FOR MISSIONS

The Protestant churches of the United States and Canada have answered nobly the boast of some, the fear of others, in 1914, that the war had dealt a staggering blow to their foreign missionary work. Quite the contrary. The receipts during 1915 showed an increase of nearly nine and a half per cent to a total of nearly $18,800,000, besides more than half a million spent by home missionary societies doing foreign work in near-by fields. Besides this advance of the home base, a remarkable forward movement has been undertaken by the South India United Church, a Christian body of 165,000 members of half a dozen denominations. Its evangelistic campaign, led by our countryman the Rev. G. Sherwood Eddy, in a recent tour through thousands of villages, has drawn hundreds of thousands of non-Christians to hear him, has enrolled 8,500 men and women desiring further instruction, and nearly 6,500 more avowing discipleship to Christ. Under Mr. Eddy's leadership a similar movement was going forward in China in 1914.

Even in wretched Mexico the missionaries of the American Board in the border State of Chihuahua report that in the midst of turmoil their work "has not been disturbed at all, has never grown faster, and that in every place there has been a steady increase." They foresee a greater opportunity for evangelical work than ever before.

"No backward steps"—stout John Hampden's seventeenth-century motto—is evidently that of the Church leaders. Apart from such auspicious signs as the Laymen's National Missionary Campaign, now in successful progress, and the Panama Conference on Christian work in Latin America, are others equally significant. The Northern Baptist Convention last May included these items in its programme for the next five years: Five thousand new missionaries, home and for-

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eign, $6,000,000 annual income for missions and benevolence, and an equal sum for educational equipment and endowment at home and abroad. A strong committee, with Dean Shailer Mathews as chairman, is now at work for this. The Northern Presbyterians have appointed March 12–19 as a week of sacrifice in their campaign to raise $5,100,000 within the next year for missions and benevolence. The directors of Union Theological Seminary, New York, are now moving to raise $400,000 for the endowment of a first-class Department of Missions.

Unique both in design and effect has been the "emergency fund" campaign, which made 1915 a notable year in the Protestant Episcopal Church. Threatened with a deficit of $400,000, the Board of Missions asked every person to give "one day's income, or wage, over and above all usual missionary offerings." So rich, both financially and spiritually, was the result that the one day's income plan has been permanently adopted as a basis for further advance work. The sagacious business methods which secured the co-operation of many people throughout the world, men, women, and children, are set forth in bulletins worth studying by all churches. These can be obtained from the Church Missions House, 281 Fourth Avenue, New York.

MEXICO

The Carranza Government has issued an interesting manifesto. It is found in the first number of "Acción Mundial" (World Action), a journal published at Mexico City in the interest of the present Government. The number is dated Saturday, February 5, 1916.

The title is clever. The Carranzists announce that their action has not only a Mexican but a world influence. Hear the Government:

> We are not exaggerating when we say that the Mexican revolution has a general importance. Our own people and foreigners know that this great movement has in various ways interested the governments and peoples of the earth. Despite the importance of the events which have transformed the world into a field of battle, in the press, in books, in current talk, the Mexican revolutionary movement has awakened the liveliest interest. Many men of real importance in England, the United States, the Argentine, and France [this order is noteworthy], and even as far as distant and mystic Russia, have felt the necessity of coming to study this social phenomenon, and from us have taken the germ of future revolutions.
>
> Constitutionalism, during its armed fight, has not taken time to make ample and general explanations. It has limited itself only to that which up to the present has been its one duty—to destroy the enemy. But now it proposes to bring to the conscience of all men interested in human well-being and progress the conviction that the movement for freedom, headed by Carranza, has not been a civil war, but a fight for the highest human ideals. Apathy, opposition, and bad faith must disappear in face of categorical explanations and the fecund action already begun.

Thus the name "Acción Mundial" has been chosen in the belief that the influence of the Carranzists will far outrun the borders of Mexico. One would suppose from this that constitutionalism in England, America, Argentina, and France was waiting on Mexican developments in order to assure its own!

At all events, the argument is ingenious in its appeal to Mexicans. They are told that the present constitutional movement is the continuation of the revolutions since 1810, and further:

> Its importance depends precisely on its holding together in one force the principles felt and defined by former revolutionists, intensified by the ideals of social conquest which it has put in its programme and which, up to the present time, no other people has been audacious enough to implant!

The exclamation point is our own. The principles referred to would seem to be indicated in the "laws" which the revolution has "dictated" and which, we believe, will doubtless be the basis of public liberty. Among the laws mentioned are:

> The free municipality law.
> The land division law (including the dissolution of the great ranches).
> The protection law.

In many parts of the country, the manifesto claims, the results of these reforms may be seen. Then follows this remarkable announcement:

> "They have sustained and elevated the working class as neither the Socialist doctrines so far enunciated nor the efforts of the labor parties of Europe and America have been able to do."

EXTRAVAGANT STATEMENTS

No matter how sincere the authors of this manifesto may be in the desire to establish a

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truly constitutional government which shall also assure social justice, it is a pity that they lend themselves to the extravagant statements which may be found throughout their text. Mexicans may be naïve, but they can hardly be naïve enough to swallow all that is set before them, especially the announcement and prophecy that the constitutionalist revolution "has completely dominated the country with the exceptions of some little isolated regions in the States of Chihuahua, Sonora, Morelos, and Oaxaca, which will not delay their submission." From latest accounts there is still delay.

The manifesto is on safer ground in its recital of history:

> In the space of two years . . . the revolution has destroyed two powerful armies, the federal . . . and that called the Army of the Convention, which tried to defend the interests of the foreign capitalists. . . . It knew how to oppose the absorbing pretensions of England protected by the Pearson firm; it avoided the loan of the Huerta Government at Paris; . . . it obtained the retirement of the American forces from Vera Cruz; . . . it imposed and got finally the recognition of the Government resulting from the revolution, even though still in full armed contest, by Latin America, the United States, and various European nations.

All well-wishers of Mexico will rejoice when there is ample proof of the manifesto's statement that "the revolution has destroyed and freed the country of the old caste which oppressed it."

DECLINE AND FALL OF THE LOAN SHARK

The Division of Remedial Loans of the Russell Sage Foundation continues to report encouraging progress in the crowding of the salary loan shark out of business throughout the United States. Over a year ago The Outlook pointed out the fact that since the establishment of the Division in 1910, with Arthur H. Ham as its chief, conditions had been brought about whereby the number of sharks in New York City alone, then preying upon more than two hundred thousand wage-earners, doing a business of $20,000,000 per annum, and averaging three columns of advertising per day in the newspaper they used as the principal medium for their swindling appeals to the public, had been reduced from one hundred and seventeen to less than twenty, these twenty doing a negligible business under cover, and their victims being numbered in the hundreds instead of the hundreds of thousands, while their newspaper advertising had fallen absolutely to nil. To-day, as the result of the Sage Foundation's continued crusade against these gentry, there is but one of the old-line sharks doing business in New York. Former Assistant District Attorney Heilborn, who was not retained in office by District Attorney Swann, had made a special study of the tricks and devices by which the most tenacious of the sharks managed to continue to do business after the Sage Foundation's crusade had driven the great majority of them out of the city. At the time when Mr. Heilborn took charge of the Usury Bureau, loans to city employees, which formed a large part of the business of the sharks, were usually made on confession of judgment, and, on default, judgment against the debtor would be entered in an up-State county, where it was impossible for the borrower to appear, when big costs were added. At Mr. Heilborn's urging the Comptroller of New York City refused to pay any money on executions filed as a result of these judgments, with the result that the loan companies went out of business. Another device was that of one company selling listed stock to would-be salary borrowers above its market value, when another company would make a loan on this stock below its market value. As a result of criminal proceedings instituted by Mr. Heilborn, these companies agreed to retire from business and make no further claim on their borrowers than the return of the original loans. One company made a practice of selling jewelry at extortionate prices to loan seekers, which they pledged with another company; but through Mr. Heilborn's efforts this practice was declared illegal. Mr. Ham says: "I very much regret that Mr. Heilborn was not reappointed by District Attorney Swann. There is very great danger now that by the abolition of the Usury Bureau or the appointment of an inexperienced man to conduct it conditions in New York may very quickly revert to the unsatisfactory state in which they used to be."

SMALL LOANS CONDITIONS IMPROVING THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY

The loan shark situation has improved appreciably throughout the country during the last year, except in the State of Massachusetts and in the District of Columbia, where conditions are unsatisfactory. The District

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of Columbia has a good small loans law, passed in 1913, except that the interest rate is confined to one per cent per month. Small loans cannot be made at a profit at that rate, and the effect of the law has been to confine the business to such agencies as are able and willing to evade it. Existing conditions have convinced the residents of the District of the necessity of an amendment to the law of 1913, increasing the legal rate of interest to two per cent per month, at which the small loans business may be carried on at a reasonable profit, and a bill has been introduced in Congress to this end. The present situation in the District is intolerable, and the supporters of the amending bill, including the Monday Evening Club, the Retail Board of Trade, and other local organizations are energetically urging its passage. In Massachusetts it was found that the new law whereby small loans came under State supervision was subject to gross abuses. As a result the first State Supervisor of Loan Agencies was removed from office by Governor Walsh. An investigation into the extent of salary loans among city employees in Massachusetts showed that many companies specializing in these loans were evading the law and charging exorbitant rates of interest, and an amendment to the law is proposed which will prohibit all charges except a flat rate of three per cent per month, will more clearly define the duties of the Supervisor of Loan Agencies, and will correct salary assignment abuses.

The progress of small loan legislation in 1915 was encouraging. Laws giving power of supervision and inspection by State authority, with penalties for violation of regulations, were passed in New York, Oregon, Nebraska, Michigan, Ohio, and Pennsylvania. Iowa and Texas passed bills that were in the main unsatisfactory. In Alabama an excellent bill passed both houses of the Legislature, but was not signed by the Governor. The organization of remedial loan societies, whose object is the making of small loans at reasonable rates to wage-earners, is progressing steadily all over the country. These societies during the year ending last June made over eight hundred and fifty thousand loans, amounting to more than $28,000,000, employing a capital exceeding $17,000,000. The fact that in one year 850,000 small loans were made in the United States at a reasonable interest rate, which under other circumstances would probably have been negotiated through loan sharks at an extortionate rate of interest, is a measure of the relief brought about through the Remedial Loan division of the Russell Sage Foundation to men and women most of whom need help to help themselves, and do not ask charity.

PROTESTS AND PREPAREDNESS

"You cannot go to war with a popgun."

Mr. Davenport, whose fair and candid interpretation of Mr. Wilson appears on another page, ascribes this sentence to the President as his imaginary reply to the man who asks him why he did not protest against the cruel violation of Belgium. It is a sentence that embodies a sentiment which we have heard expressed scores of times by loyal American citizens who believe, at least theoretically, in justice, honor, and right dealing in international relations.

In other words, a man should never protest against injustice if the unjust wrongdoer is strong enough to hurt him because of his protest.

We all recognize that this sentiment is contemptible in individual and private life.

It means that the newspaper editor must not protest against the unjust treatment of shop-girls lest he lose advertising; that the legislator must not protest against graft lest the grafters defeat him for re-election; that the banker must not protest against white-slavers lest he lose the deposits of the red-light districts; that the tenant must not protest against insults offered his wife or daughter by his landlord lest his rent be raised; that the accountant must not protest against false entries in his ledger lest he lose his job; that the railway director must not protest against corrupt "commitments and obligations" lest he lose his dividends; that the merchant must not protest against the blackmail of the Camorra lest his store be burned down; that the citizen on the street must not protest against a highway robbery which he sees lest he, too, be blackjacked.

It takes courage and often self-sacrifice to make these protests in private life. But, thank God, there are always men to make them. Otherwise human society would degenerate into a condition of unscrupulous despotism on the one hand and crouching slavery on the other. The world always has admired and always will admire the man who protests against cruelty and injustice and is knocked

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down for his pains. There is no debate about this among decent men.

But, says some one, the same rules do not apply to public and social action that govern individual action. Let us see.

The great Jew, Moses, protested against the despotism of Pharaoh. He would not make bricks without straw. His people were massacred and he was driven from Egypt, a martyr to his sense of right and wrong. Yet he founded one of the greatest social organisms and one of the greatest codes of moral law that the world has ever known.

Leonidas, King of Sparta, protested against the invasion of the Persians. He held the pass of Thermopylæ with a little band against a far superior force, and, although he was beheaded and crucified, he gave the world an immortal standard of unterrified valor and determination.

John Hampden, the English aristocrat, protested against the despotism of King Charles and died in a fight against great odds. But his name is forever associated with that spirit of liberty and justice which later enabled our own Washington to lay the foundations of the American democracy.

The citizens of Boston protested against the Stamp Act, and threw overboard the tea in Boston Harbor, without stopping to calculate that they had only fowling-pieces with which to oppose the cannon of the British grenadiers. Did our forefathers suffer the pangs of the American Revolution only that we might enjoy the creature comforts that come from making no protest against the inexcusable slaughter of innocent Belgian women and children?

Abraham Lincoln in his debates with Douglas, the "Little Giant," protested against the strong and deeply intrenched slave power, although he was forewarned that it would lead to his political defeat. The protest finally did lead to his great and unselfish martyrdom.

Simon Bolivar, the hero of South American independence, a member of the Spanish nobility, having become acquainted with the working of free institutions in the United States, protested against Spanish despotism in South America. He suffered the loss of his social position and the greater part of his property, and in making a memorable march over the Andes with a little army he underwent untold hardships, but he "called forth a new spirit in the southern portion of the New World. He purified the administration of justice; he encouraged the arts and sciences; he fostered national interests; and he induced other countries to recognize that independence which was in a great measure the fruit of his own exertions."

Garibaldi, the Italian patriot, with only a thousand men behind him, threw himself against the well-organized soldiers of Austria and the Kingdom of Naples, and, enduring great obloquy and much physical suffering, became a great factor in achieving national unity and constitutional government for his native land.

So the list might be extended. The great and shining deeds of history have been performed by men who protested without stopping to count the cost. Their motto would not have been, "You cannot make war with a popgun." They would rather have said: "Be always prepared against injustice; but even when unprepared be a man and protest against it."

CAN AN OFFICIAL REPRESENT THE PEOPLE?

A Socialist Mayor appointed a Republican to a judgeship. The Socialists were indignant. The party's Executive Committee declared that in electing Socialists to office "the party does not surrender to such officials the sole right of speaking or acting in its behalf" in their administration of their offices. In commenting on this, The Outlook remarked that from this statement, "we understand that a Socialist, if elected to office, may not speak and act for himself or for the people at large."

A reader of The Outlook has written to us taking us to task for the *naïveté* of our attitude toward public affairs. "There has never been a Government," he informs us, "that represented the whole people of any country. . . . Under representative government, moreover, an official has no right to face about as soon as he gets into office and refuse to conform to the will of the party that elected him. . . . Are we to believe that The Outlook stands for autocratic government or government in the interests of the party beaten at the polls? For of course it does not really believe that any man can represent the 'people at large,' with their diversity of principles and interests."

We cannot believe that this cynical view of

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society is commonly held. Even in the jungle the wild beasts have some common interests. They have a common interest in the air and the sunlight. In the presence of a forest fire the jaguar and the antelope might conceivably find the forester who cut a swath through the trees their common representative. Shall we put representative government in a civilized community of human beings below the level of the jungle?

Diversity of opinion on large questions of policy is compatible with the existence of great spheres of community life in which political differences do not appear at all. In a corporation for the manufacture of motor cars there may be raised the question whether the plant shall be devoted to making commercial trucks or pleasure cars. Six hundred stockholders might favor the manufacture of trucks and four hundred might favor the manufacture of pleasure cars. It is the duty of the board of directors chosen by the six hundred to carry out the policy of making trucks, but this does not mean that the directors and executive officers of the corporation shall not keep in mind the financial interests of all the thousand shareholders.

There is no Democratic, no Republican, no Progressive, no Socialist brand of honesty or justice. The differences between the parties do not affect an efficient administration of the postal service, which brings letters and parcels to Democrats, Republicans, Progressives, and Socialists alike. The man who better than any one else available knows the law, knows the life of the people to whom it applies, and fearlessly and intelligently renders his decisions in the light of that knowledge, is the man for the bench; for he is not concerned with the things that divide Democrats from Republicans or Progressives from Socialists. And in selecting such a man the public official has a duty to the "people at large" which is paramount over every other obligation.

Before he is elected a man may be the candidate of a party; after he is elected he is the servant of the people. We have no place in America for hyphenates, men with double allegiance, men who are willing under any consideration to sacrifice for party, for group, for class, the public good—no place for Democrat-Americans, Republican-Americans, Church-Americans, Capital-Americans, Labor-Americans. No man is fit for office in the United States Government or in any American community who is not an American first.

THE REAL ISSUE

No one who knows him believes in the charges against Thomas Mott Osborne. In his trial the old penology is on trial. For the consideration of our readers the principles of the old and the new systems of penalty for crime we state here in theses for their consideration:

THE OLD PENOLOGY

I. The criminal has injured society. It is just that he should suffer an injury to be inflicted on him by society. This injury inflicted on the criminal by society to repay him for the injury inflicted on society by him is called punishment.

II. This punishment should be proportioned to the injury he has done: "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth." This is called "fitting the punishment to the crime."

III. The community should hate the criminal because of his crime, and this hatred of the criminal because of his crime is the motive which should inspire the community to inflict punishment on the criminal. "I think it highly desirable," said Sir James Stephen in his "History of Criminal Law," "that criminals should be hated; that the punishment inflicted on them should be so contrived as to give expression to that hatred, and to justify it, so far as the public provision of means for expressing and gratifying a natural healthy sentiment can justify and encourage it." This gratification of hatred is called "satisfying the sense of vindictive justice."

IV. This injury inflicted on the criminal by the hatred of society will awaken in the criminal a fear of society so that he will not repeat his crime, and a similar fear in other members of the criminal class so that they will not follow his example. This is called "protecting society by the deterrent power of fear."

The Outlook believes that this philosophy is absolutely and irremediably wrong, pagan not Christian, brutal not human. It is not to be modified or amended or ameliorated, but extirpated, root, stock, and branch, and a radically different and absolutely antagonistic penal system put in its place. That system may be summarized as follows:

THE NEW PENOLOGY

I. Society should punish the criminal, not to hurt him but to reform him.

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II. The punishment should be fitted, not to the crime, but to the criminal.

III. The community should not hate the criminal, but should wish him well, and its treatment of the criminal should be an expression, not of a spirit of vindictive justice, but of a spirit of curative mercy.

IV. And it should depend, for the protection of society, not on the deterrent power of fear, but on the inspiring power of hope and love.

When Thomas Mott Osborne attempted to apply practically the spirit of the new penology in the administration of the worst prison in the State of New York, he found leagued against him the advocates of the old penology, the traditionalists who trust nothing that is new and distrust nothing that is old; the corruptionists who were making money by selling poisonous drugs to the prisoners and supplies to the prison at extravagant prices; contractors who hope to make profits out of the construction of a new prison built in the fashion of the old; and politicians, some of them sharing the beliefs of the traditionalists, others the profits of the corruptionists.

The real issue involved in the trial of Thomas Mott Osborne is the issue between the old and the new penology.

THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS NICHOLAIEVITCH

THE Grand Duke Nicholas Nicholaievitch, a striking portrait of whom appears on another page, is the man that deserves credit for the capture of Erzerum and the advance of the Russians in Asiatic Turkey—the greatest success that has come to the arms of the Allies since the capture of Przemysl and the Carpathian drive almost a year ago, which was also engineered by the Grand Duke. The success of the Russians in Turkey seems not unlikely to mean the beginning of a campaign which may cut Turkey in two and put an iron ring around the Germanic allies with its southernmost arc passing through Bagdad. It may mean the end of the Kaiser's long hoped and schemed for route to India by way of a railway from the Bosphorus to Bagdad. The Russian advance guard is now reported to be not much over a hundred miles from the Bagdad Railway, and, with the English attacking the other side of Turkey in Mesopotamia, enthusiastic supporters of the Allies are already predicting that Russia and England will tunnel into Turkey far enough to meet in the middle and divide the Empire of the Ottomans.

But it is not only as a military victory that the latest success of Russian arms is interesting. As the triumph of the character of an individual it is no less noteworthy and perhaps more inspiring.

When the Grand Duke Nicholas was removed from the supreme command of Russia's land force and sent to the Caucasus last September, the average casual observer said, "Well, that is the end of the Grand Duke." Certainly to most spectators who are forced to view the war drama from a great distance it seemed that the transfer of the Grand Duke was a polite way of getting him off the center of the stage, like the time-honored custom in Mexico of sending undesirable politicians on extended diplomatic missions abroad. Certainly a good many men in the Grand Duke's position would have gone into a fit of sulks for the rest of the war.

But Nicholas Nicholaievitch is too big a man to do that. His brain and his heart are as proportionately big as his huge body. Apparently removed from the center of the stage, we find that he has carried the stage with him, or has built a new one, if you like, where the eyes of the world are now centered.

Not that the Grand Duke's latest success is due to an abnormal personal ambition, to an extravagant desire for world acclaim. He has the average man's fondness for fame and personal recognition, but no more. His latest success is due to his thorough patriotism, to his long training as a military man, and to his inborn genius as a leader of men.

Nicholas Nicholaievitch is a Russian to the bone. That is a main reason why he is one of the two or three most popular men in Russia to-day, in spite of the fact that his political convictions are too conservative to please the masses. The people love him,

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though, because they know that he is fair to his subordinates without respect to their rank and because they know that he could not be a traitor. His particular aversion to the commercial and social *entente* between Russia and Germany that had grown steadily stronger during the decade just previous to the war, until even Russians referred to Russia, half in joke, half in earnest, as "Germany's principal colony," is well known among the people. This and his equally famous dislike for German-Russians and for hyphenated Russian citizenship have made him dear to the true Muscovites. In Russia they still tell with approbation how at the beginning of the war the Grand Duke said to the Czar, "I'll handle the Germans on the firing line if you'll handle the Germans in Petrograd."

More than any other member of the royal family, Nicholas Nicholaievitch has devoted himself to the profession of soldiering.

As a youth of twenty-one in the war of 1877–78 with Turkey, he went with his father, who bore the same name, to the Danube and the Balkans, where the elder Nicholas was commander-in-chief of the Russian forces in European Turkey. He was then a junior officer in a hussar regiment and was on the staff of General Radetzky. He took part in the campaigns of Plevna, Lovcha, and the Shipka Pass, received the Cross of St. George for valor, and established the foundation of his present high reputation as a horseman and expert on cavalry matters.

After that war the Grand Duke rose by degrees to be commander of a hussar regiment, commander of a division of cavalry, and, finally, Inspector-General of Cavalry. In spite of his immense height and his fondness for stirrups rather shorter than most men of his size would select, he sits a horse as securely and as gracefully as all but the very pick of European cavalrymen.

The Grand Duke has always been a serious man. He has never gone in for the gay life of the capital with the abandon that usually characterizes the handsome scions of Russian royalty. He has made arms his profession and his art, and has wooed his stern muse faithfully. He has been a close student of all the larger armies of the world, the French in particular, and he has been a familiar figure at many French military reviews.

Like General Sukhomlinoff, who was Minister of War during the first months of the present conflict, the Grand Duke did not smell powder in the war with Japan, but was held in reserve to guard Russia's western border from possible attacks in that direction. He was made commander of the St. Petersburg district in 1906, a position which he was holding when he was appointed Commander-in-Chief of Russia's armies at the beginning of this war.

Nicholas Nicholaievitch was born November 6, 1856, but he is apparently as vigorous and erect as when he was a dashing young giant of a hussar. Tall men are common in the Romanof family. His father was tall; his grandfather, the Czar Nicholas I, was famous for his physique; his great-uncle Alexander I, his uncle Alexander II and his uncle Michael, who was long the Viceroy of the Caucasus, and his cousin Alexander III, were all big men.

The Grand Duke himself is a fine athlete, a keen horseman, and he himself taught the present Czar, his first cousin once removed, how to straddle a horse. The Grand Duke was married in 1907 to the Princess Anastasia, daughter of the present King of Montenegro and a sister of the Queen of Italy. It was believed to be a love match, and the Grand Duke is said to be devoted to his wife.

In Russia the Grand Duke is not held so high as a strategist as he is in this country. His critics say, for one thing, that he should never have gone to the crest of the Carpathians, as he did about a year ago, knowing that he had little ammunition. On the other hand, his defenders say that the Grand Duke did not know of this shortage, and they aver that but for corruption and inefficiency in Petrograd, which held up long-overdue orders for shells, the long retreat of last spring and summer would never have occurred.

However that may be, as a commander of men the Grand Duke is pre-eminent in Russia. He is a stern disciplinarian and has incurred the dislike of some officers who have felt his displeasure, but the soldiers love him because they know that he is fair and because they know that under his austere exterior there are a generous heart and a keen sense of humor.

Considered as a commander, the Grand Duke seems to deserve rank as one of the five great military leaders the war has developed, the other four being Joffre, Hindenburg, Mackensen, and Alexieff, the Chief of the Russian General Staff.

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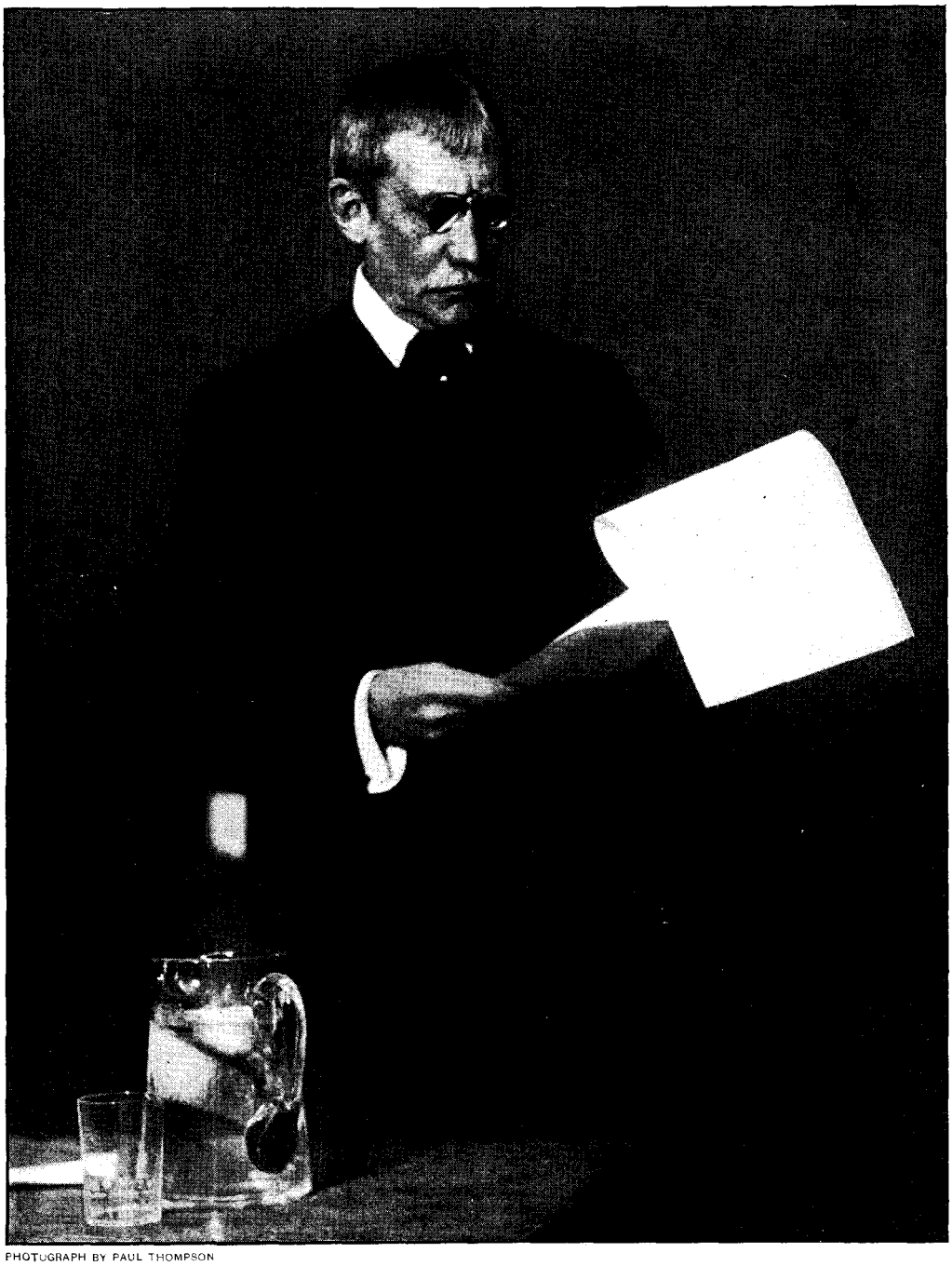
Current Events Pictorially Treated



PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL THOMPSON

ELIHU ROOT DELIVERING HIS GREAT SPEECH IN CARNEGIE HALL

Mr. Root's arraignment of the Administration before the Republican State Convention is regarded even by his political opponents as a masterly indictment

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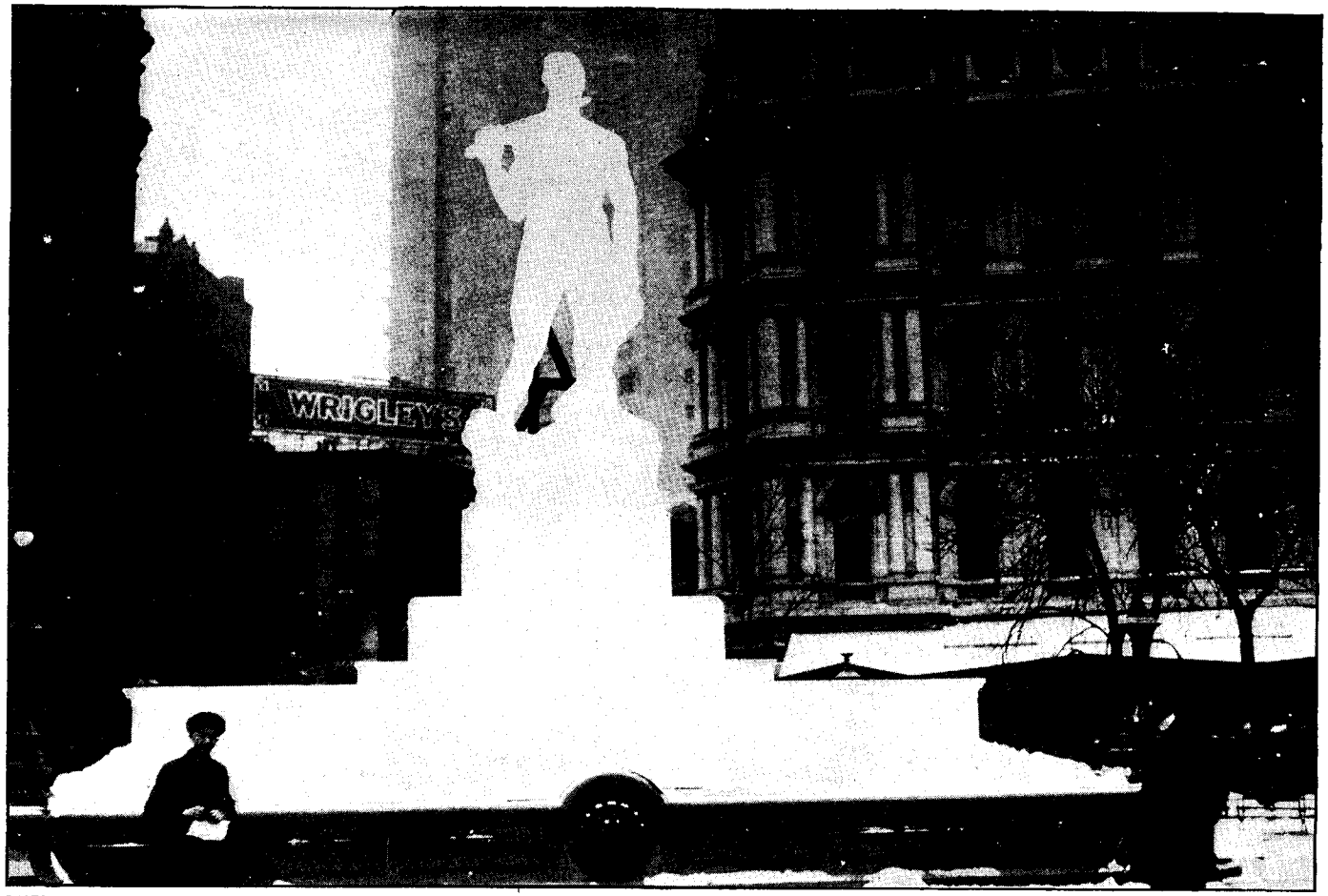

PHOTOGRAPH BY BAIN NEWS SERVICE

NEW YORK CITY'S ART COMMISSION "TRIES OUT" THE EFFECT OF A PROPOSED STATUE

As a publisher makes a "dummy" volume to enable him to decide on the form and binding of a prospective book, so New York City's efficient Art Commission have set up a model of a fountain in order to judge whether the design and its surroundings will harmonize. This silhouette model is in City Hall Park. The figure represents Civic Virtue. The design is by Frederick Macmonnies

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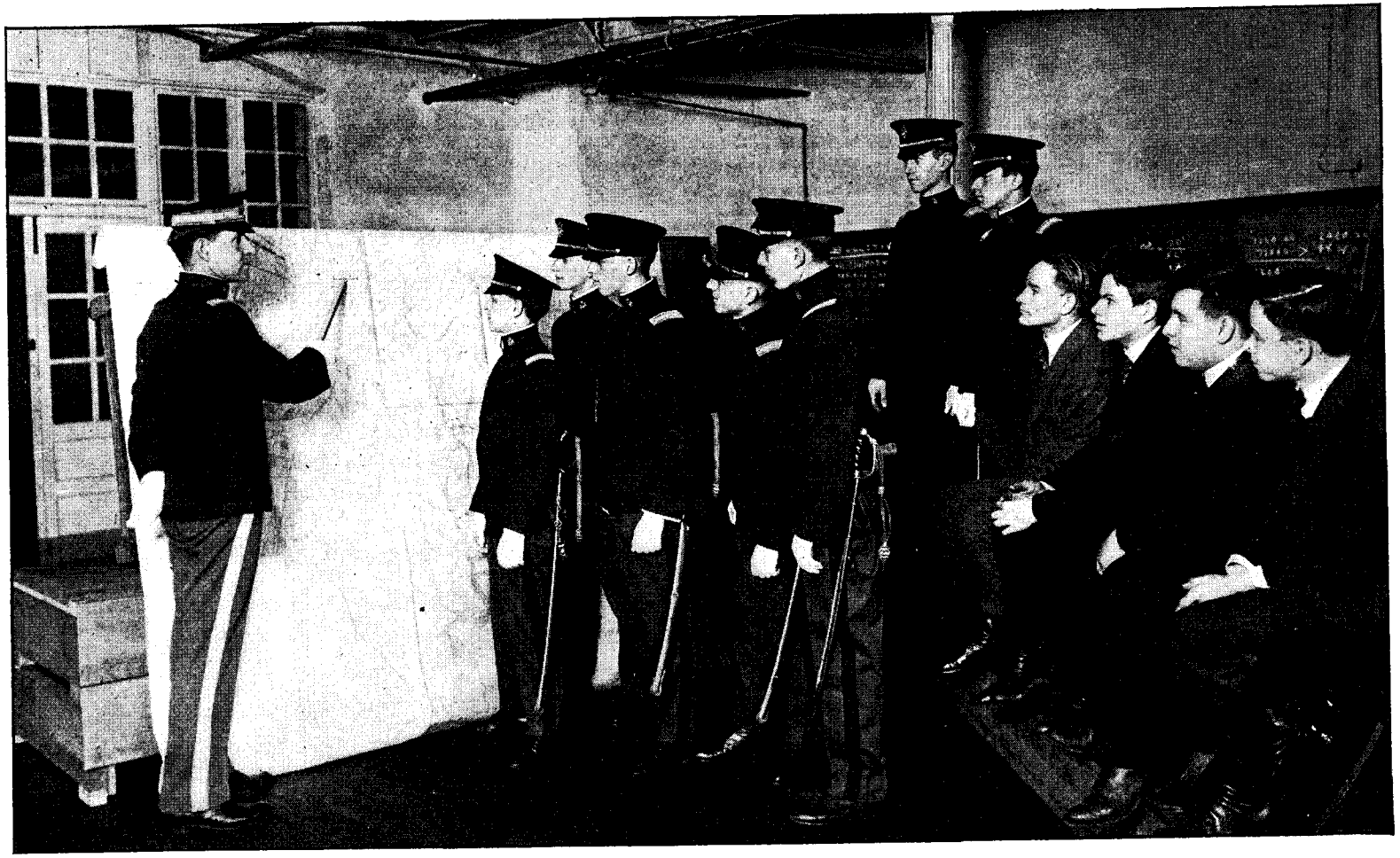

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LIEUTENANT STEEVER INSTRUCTING WASHINGTON HIGH SCHOOL BOYS IN MILITARY PRINCIPLES

An account of Lieutenant Steever's method, as adopted in the Wyoming high schools and carried out there with much success, was given in The Outlook of February 16

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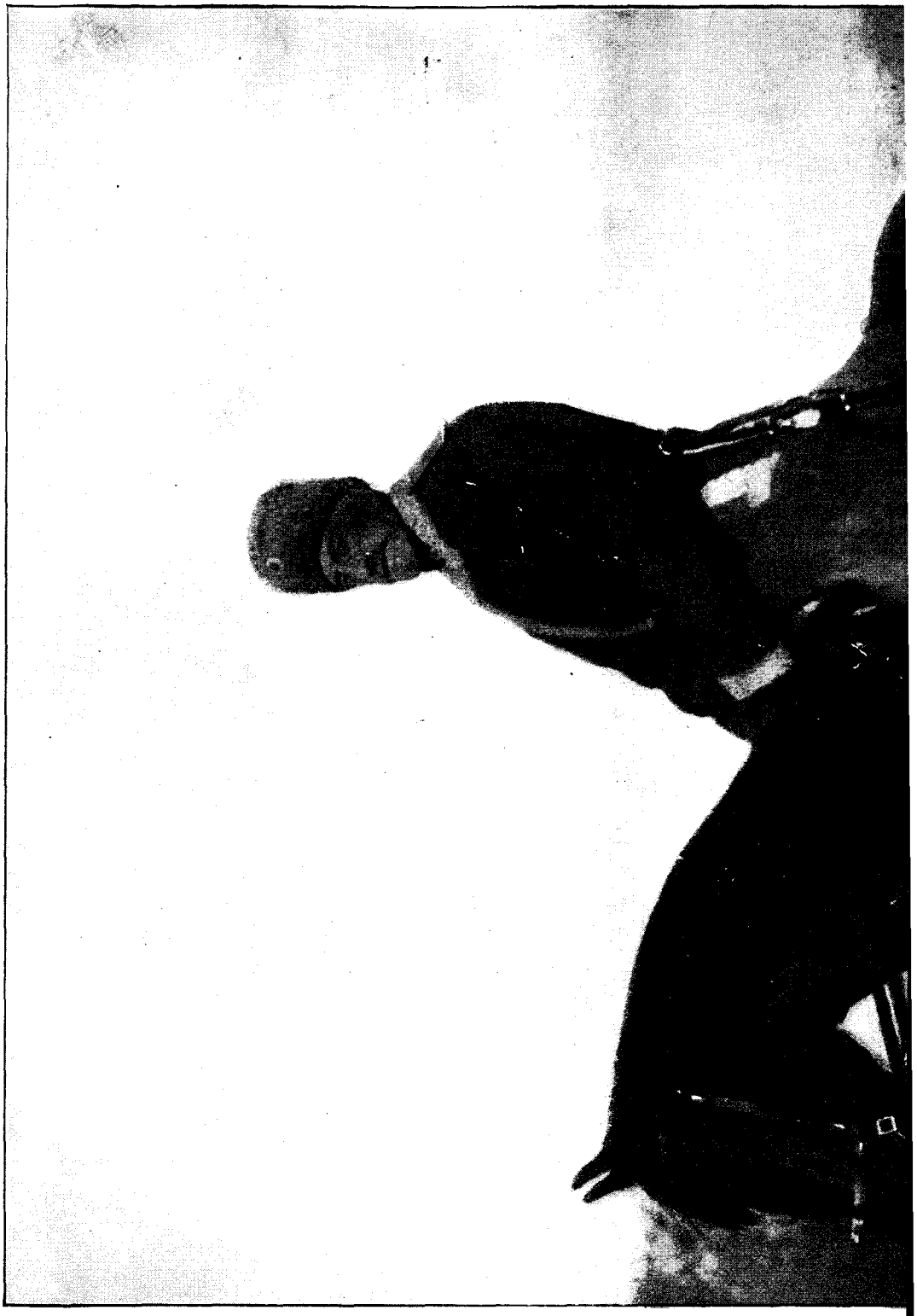

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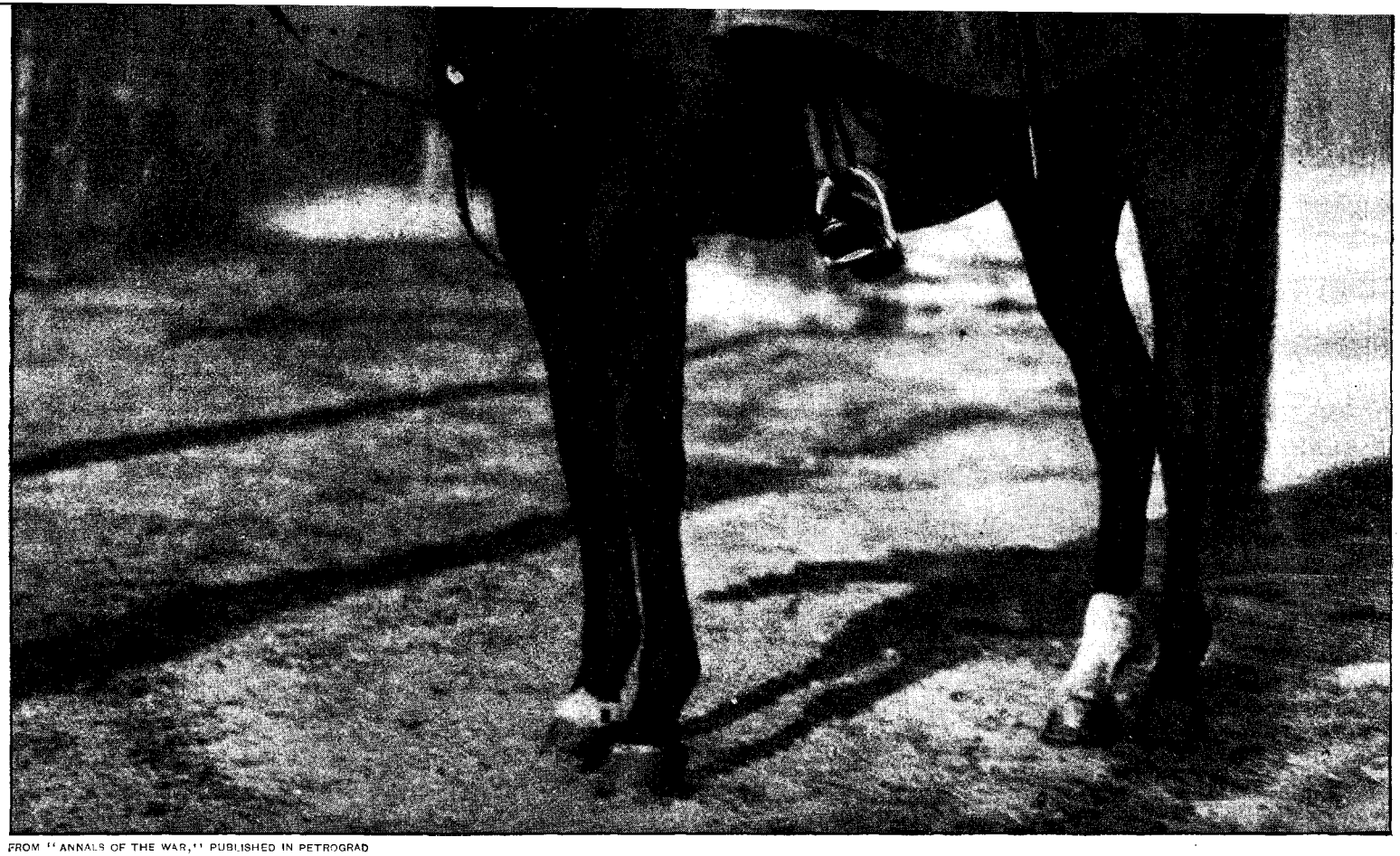

FROM "ANNALS OF THE WAR," PUBLISHED IN PETROGRAD

THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS, COMMANDER OF THE RUSSIAN ARMIES THAT HAVE CAPTURED ERZERUM AND TURNED THE TIDE OF WAR IN THE EAST

Some account of the Grand Duke's career will be found elsewhere in this issue

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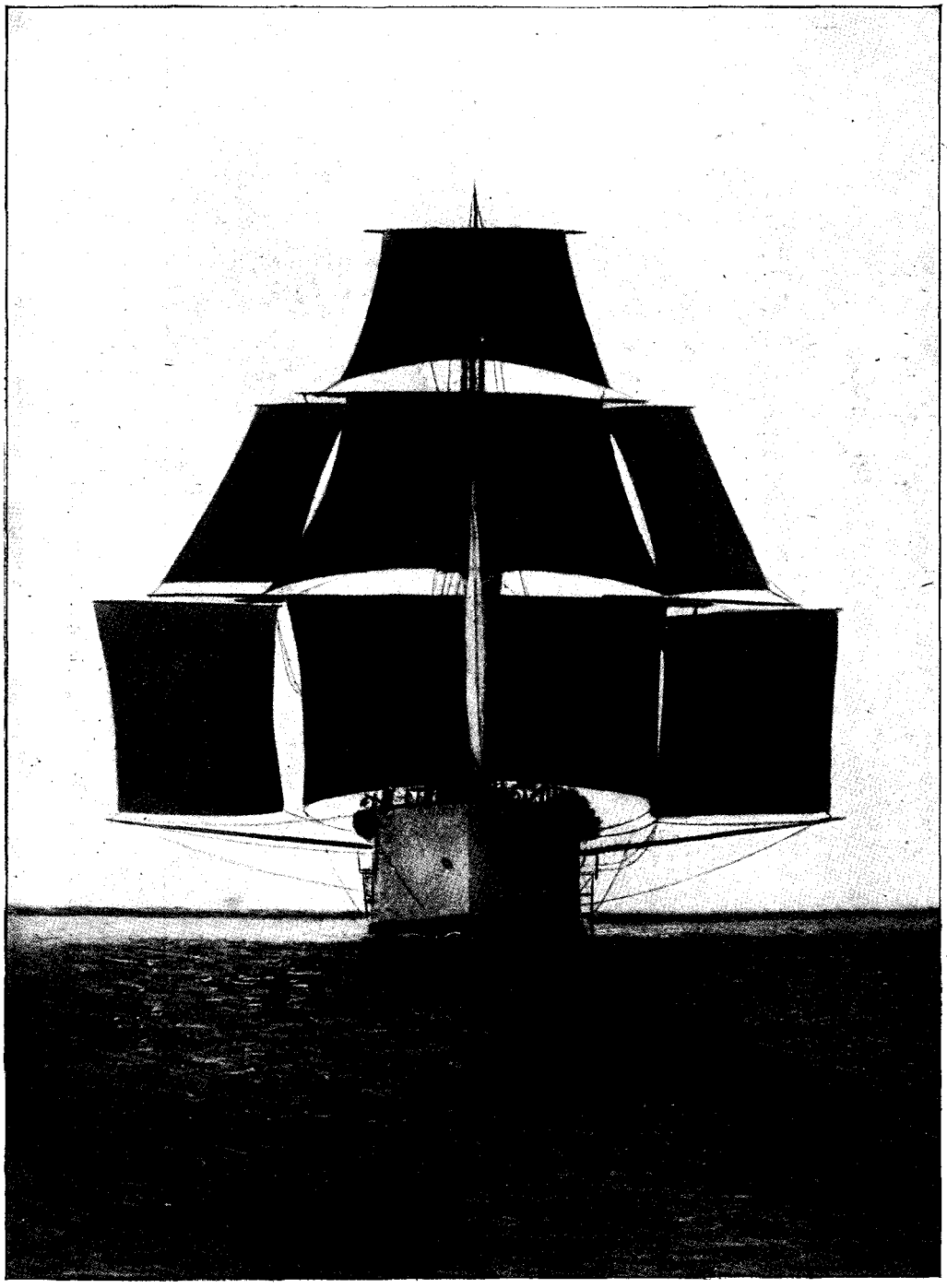

A PUBLIC SCHOOL TRAINING-SHIP

This ship, the Newport, gives a nautical education to over one hundred New York boys every year. It is a trade school of great value in providing officers for our merchant marine. To abandon this work, as has been proposed, would seem a foolish economy. See article in this issue, "American Mariners for American Ships"

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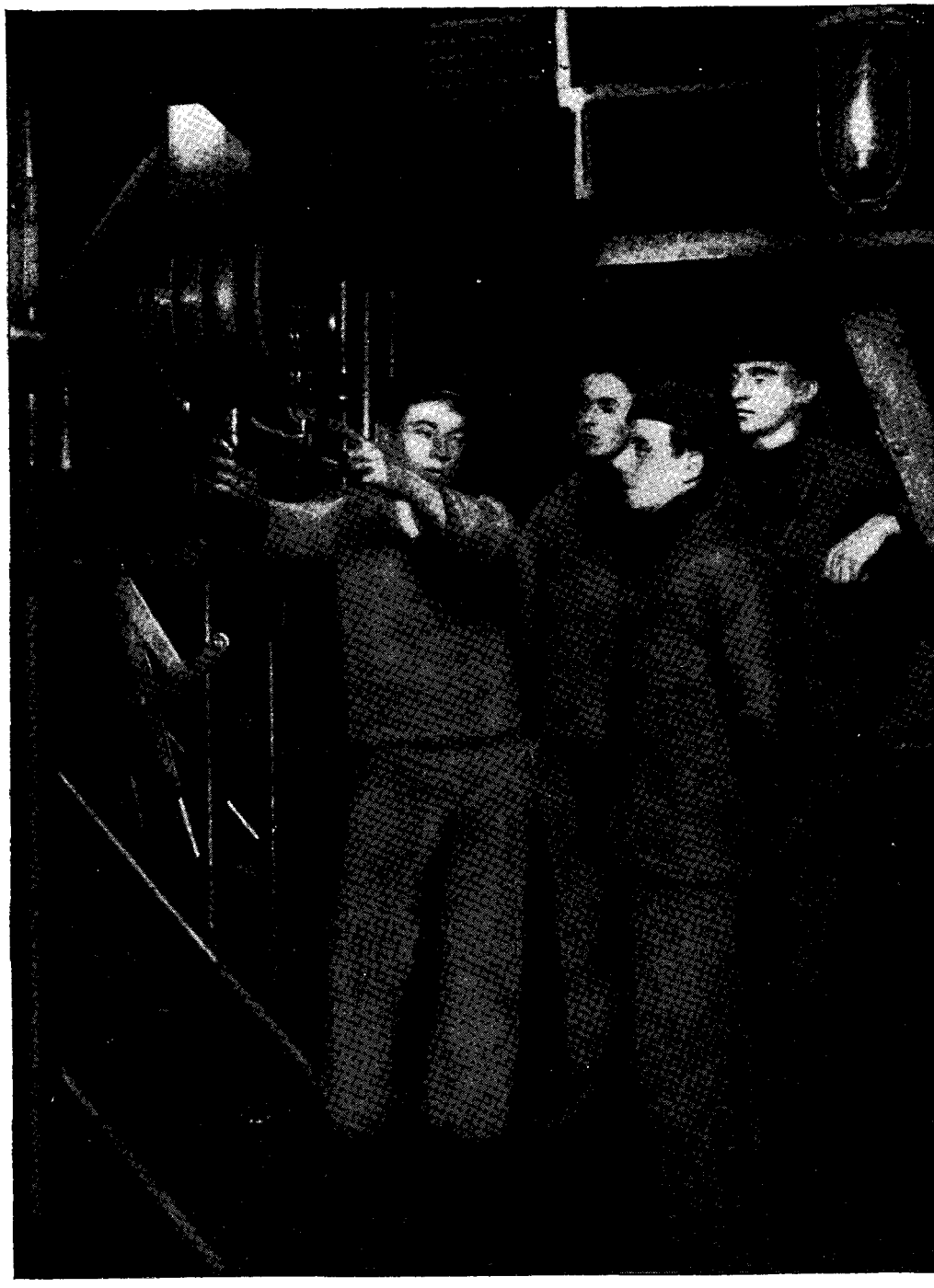

ENGINE-ROOM INSTRUCTION ON A TRAINING-SHIP

The picture on the preceding page suggests the work that was necessary on the older type of sailing vessel with her broad spread of canvas including (at the sides) the old-fashioned studding-sails or "stun-sails;" the picture on this page shows work in connection with the machinery of the modern vessel. The Newport's pupils receive training both in the sailor's craft and in the management of the ship's engines

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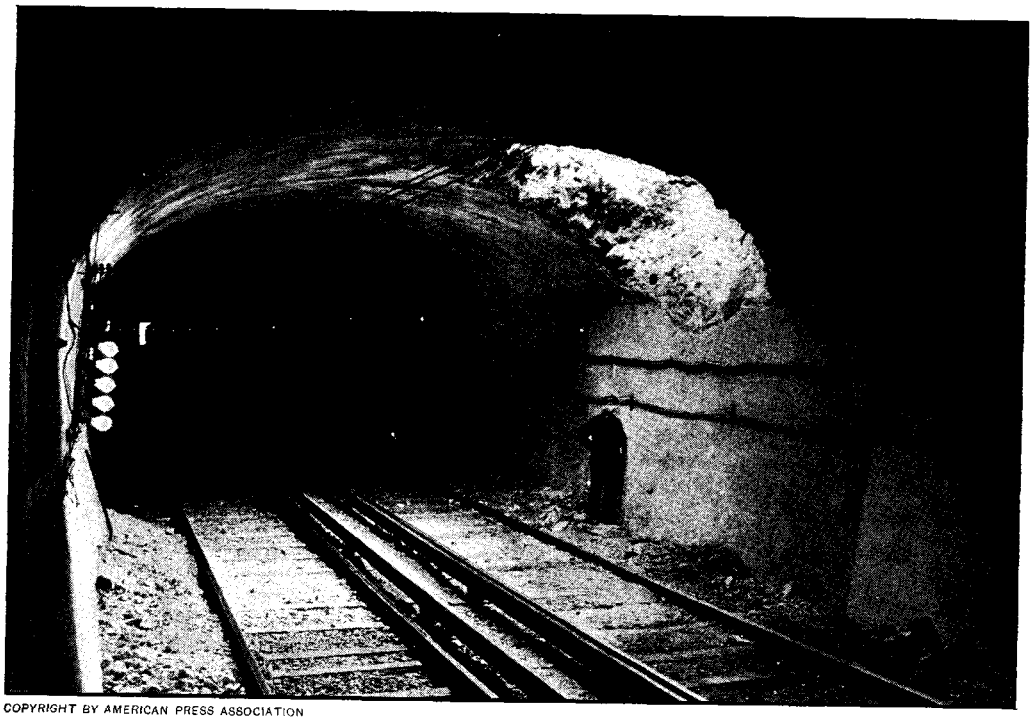
PHOTOGRAPH FROM PAUL THOMPSON



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DESTRUCTION WROUGHT IN PARIS BY THE VAMPIRES OF THE AIR

The picture at the bottom of the page shows the effect of a bomb dropped from a Zeppelin on the Paris subway as seen in the underground tube. The other picture gives a view of the havoc made by the same bomb as seen from the street

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AMERICAN MARINERS FOR AMERICAN SHIPS

IN a day when the qualifications demanded of sailors on merchant steamers are largely a combination of the qualifications of a house-painter and a washerwoman it might be supposed that American boys would find nothing very romantic in going to sea. Such is not the case. For many American boys still

" . . . the call of the running tide
Is a wild call, and a clear call, that may not be denied."

But whereas in the time of Richard Dana and later the boy who ran away to sea was initiated at the rough hands of press gangs and bucko mates, to day, if the sea-lured youth chooses New York or Boston for his port of embarkation, he runs straight into the kind embrace of a training-school, in existence for the express purpose of smoothing the path of Neptune's neophytes.

The training-ships Newport (see photographs in the picture section) and Ranger, at New York and Boston, supported by the States of New York and Massachusetts, respectively, are to the merchant marine of this country what Annapolis is to the navy. The Newport has an enrollment of 110 boys, the Ranger has 104. The abolition of the former training-ship recently was urged by Governor Whitman in his annual Message, and a bill to that effect has been introduced by Senator Argetsinger and Assemblyman Adler, both of the inland city of Rochester.

The reason urged for the abolition of the New York Nautical School, which is now in its forty-second year of existence, is simply economy. The school costs about $80,000 a year.

We believe the New York Nautical School is worth that sum, not only for its services to New York State, but for what it does for the entire Nation. We believe the demand for its elimination comes from those who do not appreciate the value of this salt-water college.

The two school-ships at New York and Boston, both of them public schools, are the only practicable means in existence in this country for furnishing American youth with a nautical education at slight cost. The conditions of employment on modern steamers are such that it is practically impossible for men while on board to acquire sufficient education to fit themselves for promotion from the "fo'c'sle" to the bridge. It is essential that before he can become an officer a boy must have such a training as he gets on the Newport and the Ranger.

The conditions at these two floating schools are much the same, and what is said of one applies in large degree to the other.

The Newport was built in 1897 at Bath, Maine, as a steam gunboat, with the three-masted rig of a barkentine in addition. In 1907 the Government lent her to the city of New York, to take the place of the school-ship St. Mary's.

Three years ago, when the New York City Board of Education refused to continue the expense of supporting the training-ship, she was taken over by the State of New York.

The Newport is expensive to maintain as a school because her 110 boys, all between the ages of sixteen and twenty, make their home in her. The principal expense item is food. The ship has five officers and a crew of thirty-eight men, but practically all the work is done by the boys. The course of two years is divided into winter and summer terms. During the winter term, from November 1 to April 30, the slim white vessel lies at her pier at the foot of East Twenty-fourth Street while the boys assail the curriculum, made up principally of English, geography, history, mathematics, physics, navigation, steam engineering, and electricity. A gymnasium, a band of their own, and the ever-inviting rigging of the ship afford them recreation. After a vacation in May the Newport steams into Long Island Sound for a two weeks' "shaking down" and preliminary cruise. Then, in June, the floating school begins its five months' summer term, which is devoted to one long cruise, usually in European waters. Last year, on account of the war, the boys went through the Panama Canal and up the Pacific coast of North America. On these cruises, when the wind holds, the Newport sails; if not, she uses her engines. Under the supervision of their trained instructors the cadets do practically all the work. They run the engines and stoke them, they prepare the food in the galley and wash the dishes, they go aloft in all kinds of weather, make sail and reef. The first year the boys are given a general training, and the second year they are allowed to specialize. They are given a training such as they could get nowhere else in America outside of Annapolis. When they have finished the course, they are

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fit for the position of quartermaster or fourth officer on any vessel that sails or steams the seven seas. And the only financial burden to the boys is $50, which each youth must pay to cover the cost of his uniforms.

If not a graduate of the school ever trod a deck after getting his diploma, the school would be worth while for the hard-muscled, clean-bodied, quick, clear-minded young men it produces. But, of course, most of the graduates do go to sea. For instance, of the forty-two youths who were graduated from the Newport last October two went to work ashore, one got an ocean berth but never appeared to claim it, and the other thirty-nine are now at sea, most of them as petty officers.

The function of the Newport and the Ranger is to provide officers for the American merchant marine. The graduates of these two training-schools are so expert that they would be wasted as sailors. But many of them are under twenty-one when they graduate, and a Federal law provides that all officers in the merchant service must be of age. Since service in the "fo'c'sle," elbow to elbow with the Italians and Scandinavians that mostly man American ships, is not attractive to these trained young men, some of them take positions ashore and are lost to the sea. If the law were changed to permit men of nineteen to become officers, these youths would not be lost. And as nineteen is the average age at which young men may become officers in European countries, there seems to be no reason why this legislative stump should not be exploded.

The merchant marines of foreign countries are considered potential naval reserves. If we went to war with a maritime Power, we would have to draw upon the ships and officers of our merchant service to supplement and reinforce the navy. Yet, with the number of merchant vessels under the American flag rapidly increasing, the demand for officers exceeds the supply. It has been considered necessary to suspend our citizenship laws to permit aliens to officer our mercantile fleet, yet the number of vessels fined for putting to sea under-officered is increasing. A graduate of the training-ship Newport is sure of getting a position almost as soon as he swings himself ashore with his sea-chest after his second summer cruise.

The following quotation is from a letter to Captain F. S. McMurray, the commander of the Newport and the superintendent of the school thereon, from Mr. P. F. Donnelly, marine superintendent of the Isthmian Steamship Lines:

"It has been noticed with considerable astonishment that the Governor of this State contemplates recommending the abolishing of the training-school for cadets for the American mercantile marine. This surely cannot be intended as a serious step, for it would be a very severe blow to the aspirations of those who have at heart the best interests of training young lads to become marine officers. Instead of using the club of economy against the nautical school, it would be better policy to enlarge the school or have two or three of them in this State.

"The experience of this company regarding these boys is a happy one. During the past eighteen months nine boys from the Newport have been appointed cadets on the steamers of the line; two of them have recently passed their examinations and obtained second mates' licenses, thereby qualifying at the age of twenty-one years for the position of third mate on ocean-going steamers. These young men are giving good results and show an aptitude for their work, reflecting the greatest credit on their instructors, and it would be a decided boon if the State would take a leading part in nourishing those nurseries for young officers. . . .

"The advantages of training-ships to the mercantile marine of European countries are so great and important that no one would dream of interfering with their existence or support.

"Training-ships on similar lines are required in this country—and required badly—as only those know who have to procure junior officers for a fleet of steamers, and this is a serious problem for all steamship companies at the present time."

It is very true that we ought to have more of these nautical training-schools in the United States. The Newport is open only to boys of New York, the Ranger only to boys of Massachusetts. There ought to be enough to give a sea training to all the boys of all the States that want it, and to keep our merchant vessels fully manned with American officers.

Great Britain maintains eighteen school-ships for her merchant marine, Japan three. The German School-Ship Society of Bremen, which operates two ships, has recently announced that it is maintaining the enrollment of the schools, and that at the conclusion of the war a sufficient supply of trained youths will be available to man Germany's mercantile

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fleet and to carry her flag into every large port in the world. Even the Argentine Republic gives more boys a nautical training than we do.

The opinion is sometimes expressed that the Federal Government ought to support our two merchant marine school-ships. Captain McMurray, of the Newport, thinks better results would be obtained if the ships were removed entirely from the zone of politics and privately endowed. But The Outlook agrees with the New York State Chamber of Commerce, the National Board of Steam Navigation, the American Steamship Association, composed of the managing boards of eighteen lines plying in and out of New York Harbor, and many other similar bodies throughout the State and Nation, that, somehow or other, the work of training young men for the merchant marine of this country ought to go on. For the State to drop this burden without the assurance that some other body will carry it would be decidedly an act contrary to the public good.

THE PRE-NOMINATION CAMPAIGN

THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

STAFF CORRESPONDENCE BY FREDERICK M. DAVENPORT

This week and next Mr. Davenport will review sympathetically the achievements of Mr. Wilson and his Administration. Mr. Davenport has had the experience of an unusually intimate relation in the past with the four men who are generally reckoned to be of fit stature for the Presidency. He was a close lieutenant of Governor Hughes in the struggle for better government in the State of New York. He has been a neighbor and friend of United States Senator Root, whose career and inner qualities he strongly portrayed in a recent article in "Collier's." And he has been an open and vigorous co-worker with Theodore Roosevelt in the National struggle for progress and democracy. As this article shows, he is also an old college pupil of President Wilson, with whom he has never lost personal contact; and he is therefore able to speak with intimacy of what he believes to be the nature and purposes of the President. His next article will be on "The Wilson Administration," and following that will be one upon "Hughes, Root, and Roosevelt."—THE EDITORS.

I AM writing on the day after the remarkable utterance of Elihu Root in assault upon the foreign policy of the Administration at Washington. In the shadow, therefore, from a Democratic standpoint, of a great affliction. Very likely a bad day for merely Democratic apologists. But I am acquitted of that rôle, both by my point of view and present purpose. I am not writing this correspondence to defend my own personal or party opinions, which, as a matter of fact, happen to be in important matters widely at variance with those of the National Administration. I am rather seeking to interpret, with as much fairness as I can command, the point of view and the opinion of sections of the country remote from my own, and of currents of thought which frequently run counter to my own. I would like even my criticisms, if possible, to be tempered with impartiality. Not an easy task, I grant, but, even if only measurably successful, perhaps of value to the readers of The Outlook, who are by no means all delegates to the same party convention, nor all swayed by the same emotions and ideas with respect to National persons and policies.

Even though of another political group, I am qualified by one circumstance at least to write fairly and sympathetically of the President; and to know something of his nature and character and theories of government as well. In his young manhood, just before he took the chair of Jurisprudence at Princeton, he taught in Wesleyan University at Middletown, Connecticut, for two short years. I met him there as a student in his department. I remember the gentle modesty and sense of embarrassment which he showed when he called the roll of our class for the first time. There were two men in it named, respectively, N-o-e and R-o-e. He came down the line to

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N-o-e, and pronounced him Mr. No—one syllable. "That is not the way I pronounce it, sir," said my classmate. "It is No-e, two syllables." The professor was not to be caught that way again. Down the line he came to R-o-e. "Mr. Ro-e," he called. "No, sir," said my classmate, "my name is pronounced Ro." And we had our first jolly laugh at the blushing future President of the United States.

Let none of my readers suppose that any crowd of American college boys ever sat for one year or two years at the feet of a college professor without knowing the substance of that man. There is nothing human that I know of so near the infallible as the final estimate that college men put upon an instructor. His foibles they know, his inner being they know. If he is sound at the core, they know it. If he is not, they know that. No college professor ever got away from the real judgment of his own boys, though he may have fled to the uttermost parts of the sea.

The tradition of Wilson at Wesleyan is a powerful tradition of mentality, of character, and of service. Gentle, modest, of magnificent ability and spirit, stubbornly determined when he believed he was right, and just as stubborn once or twice when some of us thought he was wrong, thoroughly democratic in his theories of government and of life, everybody was for him at Wesleyan. There were no two views about him. It was his last real haven of peace before he put out into the deep waters of executive struggle at Princeton, in the Governorship of New Jersey, and in the Presidency of the United States. Then necessarily came antagonisms and passions which only history can soften or subdue. But the eyes of a Wesleyan man of the period of Wilson's professorship look upon his later career certainly without prejudice, and even criticism and variance of opinion are tempered with affection.

When I was in Columbia, South Carolina, the other day, where the father and mother of the President lie buried, I had pointed out to me by a friend the dignified brick homestead of the Rev. Dr. Thomas Woodrow, now long gone to his rest, the uncle after whom Mr. Wilson is named, and whose qualities of character my friend in Columbia declares to have been strangely like those of the President. He was a gentle, modest, stubborn man, and a fighter for his convictions, who spoke seventeen hours at a stretch in his own defense when he was charged with heresy before the Southern Presbyterian Assembly for his early belief in the theory of evolution. Back of the dignified brick house is an inclosed courtyard, after the fashion of many of the finer old homes of Charleston, and in the heresy days, when to a considerable part of the population evolution meant descent from monkeys, the school-boys of Columbia believed that the Rev. Dr. Thomas Woodrow raised monkeys in his back yard and tried to make men out of them. Gentle, modest, stubborn, fighting, scholarly, truth-loving Dr. Thomas Woodrow is the spiritual progenitor of Woodrow Wilson. It is the same heredity that I observed in the President in the old days at Wesleyan. I have seen him occasionally ever since, and my judgment is that his environment has not materially changed the inner qualities of his mind and soul. His is not a heredity nor a career that lends itself easily to distrust or denunciation. Whatever be the defects of his nature or of his experience which may be the proper subjects of National criticism or objects of National caution, in essence his is a heredity and his is a career which can be trusted by the American people.

Woodrow Wilson is the President of the United States, the titular leader and ruler of a hundred million people. In the course of a life of distinguished ability and service he was called to his present high office when the world was on the threshold of a gigantic and bloody struggle. He was called to lead a Nation spiritually, economically, and militantly unprepared for armed conflict, and for the most part deeply hostile to being drawn into conflict. A conglomerate population had kinked the National fiber. Material comfort and prosperity and a prolonged cultivation of the arts of peace had softened the battle fiber as well as the moral fiber and brought into regnancy the flabbier qualities of the National soul. And the National spirit and fiber could not be remade in an hour. The immediate problem of President Wilson, say his supporters, was to keep the country out of war even at some cost of prestige and perhaps of genuinely militant and courageous honor. And his friends believe that he has at least succeeded in the difficult task of sailing safely between the Scylla of peace at any price and the Charybdis of war at a tremendous price. It has not been an absolutely true or perfect course, but he has sailed. And the Nation has been kept out of war. When the President has had his day in the court of history,

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it will then be determined whether he or the Nation is chiefly to be held responsible for the clear deviations from the ideal which have been obvious in his policy. But the practical thing, in the minds of the great multitude of his followers, is that, in the midst of an unparalleled situation in human history, he has kept the Nation from the terrible menace of war.

It is right here, so far as the European area is concerned, that the sharpest arraignment of the President begins and ends. Was the safe policy the necessary policy, and therefore the wise policy, under the extraordinary circumstances of National reluctance about war, and in the face of the world conflagration which seemed likely at any moment to envelop the United States? Should the Government at Washington have followed idealistically its plain duty, and have protested against the violation of the neutrality of Belgium? The blow at Belgium was a blow at the community of nations. The National right of the United States was violated as soon as the Germans crossed the border of Belgium. We were a party to the pact of neutrality of the little Kingdom. The law which protected Belgium protected us. But would a protest of Washington that would have been of any consequence have meant war? And would our people have backed Mr. Wilson in that early crisis if he had plunged us into war? I can imagine a President of the physiological vigor and lightning-like instinct and quick daring of Theodore Roosevelt taking the country by the nape of the neck and shaking it into a new moral order with one fist while he shook the other in the face of the Hohenzollern. And William the Second might have taken judicial notice, and there might have been no Lusitania, and no submarine controversy, and no tattered diplomacy. However, the outcome would have been at least doubtful on the theory that the country is totally unprepared for war.

Personally I prefer to take a chance with the Roosevelt method. It falls in with my sense of right, of efficiency, and of National safety. But when the country elects a man President of the United States it has to take him at least in terms of his own nature. When Woodrow Wilson spoke about our being too proud to fight, he was coining an unfortunate phrase at a period when he thought preparation for war was dangerous to peace. He has plenty of fight in him if he thinks it wise and if you give him time. He is by nature neither a weakling nor a coward. He has always been a fighter—at Princeton, in the Governorship of New Jersey—all his executive life. But his nature is the nature of a man of great caution and deliberation in a grave crisis. And I cannot imagine his taking a chance in the matter of Belgium—that is, on the theory that the country was totally unprepared for war, wished to be kept out of war, and must, if possible, be kept out of war. What he would regard as militant idealism would not under these circumstances move him, even though the failure to move might seem at the moment to dull the edge of National or international morality.

I am sure that if President Wilson spoke freely his mind with respect to his own policy in the European area, he would describe it as negative, and necessarily negative. In the Lusitania controversy, most serious of all, as in other similar controversies, he would say that he has asserted the right of the United States to the full, but that he obtained, and in the nature of the case can obtain, only grudging concessions. The country is not prepared, and while he now believes that it should prepare, it could not have prepared and cannot now prepare in time to help him in forcing full concessions. You cannot go to war with a popgun. More than this, the arbitrary insistence upon the last word of right, and a break with one or more of the warring nations, would injure the influence of the United States at the close of the war in mediation or in future relation with these countries. I am only stating, from a somewhat intimate knowledge of his personality and habit of mind, what I believe to be the President's position. Can the United States come nearer to securing its full rights by going to war? Is it in a position to get anything at all by going to war? Will the country not come much nearer the goal by persistent and persuasive diplomacy, since it is totally unprepared to reach a foe three thousand miles from home?

And then we have elected a President with the academic mind. I mean a mind trained through long years of patient industry to see both sides, to be deeply impressed with the other man's point of view as well as his own. This does not prevent President Wilson from regarding some acts of Germany, for example, as brutal and futile. But he cannot avoid wondering whether there are not some acts out of harmony with international custom now being performed by the belligerent na-

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tions, which we ourselves would be driven to perform if we were in like straits with them. I am sure, from what I know of him, that this quality of his mind gives him pause, and makes him less assertive and decisive in his foreign policy than he otherwise might be. His whole nature, in a great crisis like the present, makes him a diplomatic pragmatist rather than a militant internationalist. And undoubtedly in this he believes he is following the practical instinct of the country.

But those who know Woodrow Wilson best assert that the country may have this deep satisfaction. We have a President who is above embroiling us in the world struggle needlessly or because of any personal advantage which might accrue to him. If we were at war, the American people would be a unit behind the President, and his re-election would be much more likely to be assured. But the nature and the character of Woodrow Wilson are infinitely beyond that temptation.

The President is of a genuinely democratic mind. Brandeis as a nominee for the Supreme Court does not startle him at all. He thinks the Supreme Court needs a Brandeis. The center of his thought is neither in Wall Street nor in Washington. To him these two localities seem in many ways to be the two blind spots of the United States. And Congress is a boiler-shop. That is the reason he likes occasionally to go away from Washington, even for a day, so that he may listen to the still, small voice of America.

When we turn to the leadership of the President within the circle of domestic policy, we find evidence of genuine and positive gain for democracy. I think he regards, and I am sure that the country regards, the establishment of the Federal Reserve System as the greatest single achievement of his Administration. It is a contribution of the first rank to the structure of our Government. The twelve Federal Reserve banks scattered throughout the country have so organized and democratized the credit resources of the United States that we are rapidly coming to possess the safest, the strongest, and at the same time the most flexible financial system in the world. It has stabilized the cotton industry. It helped powerfully to avert a panic at the beginning of the present war. It has ironed out the usurious rates of interest in different parts of the country, and established more generally favorable legitimate rates than ever before in our history. Banks of all sizes, business men of all classes, have felt the effect of greater currency elasticity and a better distribution of credit in cities, towns, and villages all over the United States. And while the new Currency Act is a development of many minds since 1897, there are two things about it that we owe to the President of the United States. And the first is that we have it at all. And the second is that it is a stable democratic system and not a highly centralized autocratic system. When, after his inauguration, Mr. Wilson called Congress into session, it was expected that the tariff alone would be the subject of discussion and determination. But the President had something more in his mind. When the tariff business was done, the leaders of Congress implored him to let them adjourn and go home. But Mr. Wilson was inflexible. With the aid of several able and valiant helpers, one of whom was Carter Glass, a patriotic and straightforward young Virginian of great power and gift of expression, he smothered the fiat tendencies of Mr. Bryan on the one hand and the belligerently monopolistic tendencies of the New York bankers on the other. And the great Federal Reserve System was achieved.

As to the new Tariff Act, I suppose that the President, who was a good economist before he lived in the White House, would admit that no perfect tariff bill ever yet left the two houses of Congress for signature at the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue. The intricacies of a multitude of schedules forbid precision or exact justice. But the clear mandate of the people to the Democratic party following the tariff failure of the Taft régime was to cut the schedules to the quick. And the President undoubtedly believes that this was done with a minimum of pain to the healthy industries. The records of the Department of Commerce indicate that, in the case of articles manufactured by a few of the most virulent critics of the new Act, the tariff is still greater than the total cost of labor in the goods. Since the normal result is clouded by the war, it will never be known how near the latest Congressional guess approximated to practical justice until we get the findings of an expert tariff board.

As to an expert board, the President is so much of a Jacksonian Democrat that he has had little use for experts, anyway. During his campaign speeches he more than once referred feelingly to the three kinds of liars—"liars, damned liars, and experts." And his

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experience with some of his appointees since he has been in office has rather confirmed him in his dislike. He feels about it as the old farmer did when he first saw a giraffe—"There ain't no such animal." The President has been inclined to think that there are no unprejudiced experts in the United States, or at least so few of them as not to be worth taking into account. But his deliberate mind is coming around in this matter also, and we are pretty certain to get an expert tariff board under his leadership. And this will be another great advance.

Washington, February 16.

A second article on the President will follow next week under the title "The Wilson Administration"

THE NATIONS AT WAR

I—RUSSIA REORGANIZING

BY GREGORY MASON

*This is the eighth of the series of articles by Mr. Mason, of the editorial staff of The Outlook, resulting from his experiences as special correspondent of The Outlook in Russia.—*THE EDITORS.

THE heart of Russia to-day is in an unpretentious, long, low, dirty white building on one of the busiest streets of Moscow. Through veins and articulate capillaries that reach the remotest parts of Russia the blood of national life pours into this building and its adjacent storehouses of war material, to be pumped out through arteries and subsidiary channels that reach every soldier in Russia's thirteen armies. In this building are the headquarters of the Zemstvo Union and the Municipality Union, which are mobilizing the huge resources of Russia's factories, farms, and forges, and converting the entire industrial and agricultural wealth of the country into supplies for the army—clothing, shoes, medicine, ammunition—the red corpuscles of war.

In this building, too, is the brain of Russia, for here the combined mentality of the most talented men from all walks of civil and official life is coping with the problem of hammering the nation into an efficient war machine; and the cerebration of these volunteer patriots is not befogged by the thick humors of bureaucracy that clog the mental machinery of the appointed representatives of officialdom.

Finally, in this building is the mighty spirit of Russia, inscrutably and grimly confident, stern, stubborn, and entirely Slavic. I materialize this spirit as the gigantic figure of a peasant in the semblance of a demigod, stripped to the waist, with the shreds of the burst bonds of red tape lying about him, toiling day and night, as he builds the pedestal of victory.

In this prosaic building, as I last saw it, dirty white against the frozen alabaster of a Russian winter landscape, Russia is finding herself. Going into this building, at first one sees nothing extraordinary. Messengers running hither and thither, typewriters rattling, the usual bustle and clamor of a business office with rather less disorder than is usual in Russian commercial houses. But two hours in this building, talking with a number of men, unusually busy and unusually business-like for Russian business men, left me more thrilled than by anything else in Russia, more than by the booming chant of the long-bearded choir in the Kazan Cathedral when they hymned the praise of the Czarevitch on a royal holiday in a bronze-toned tumult of patriotic song, more than by the rattling dash of two thousand veteran Cossack horsemen swinging down the Nevski Prospect with the German blood hardly dried on their lances, more than by the indescribable savage beauty of the shouted "*Raz, dva, tree, chitiria*" (One, two, three, four), chorused by thousands of the best recruits of the northern provinces drilling in the crisp darkness of winter twilight on the Field of Mars. For in this building the mind and spirit of Russia are for the first time directing the huge body of Russia, in the

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task of winning the war of self-defense which Russia fights with Germany to-day. And for me the sight of huge, stumbling Russia learning to use her tremendous strength and direct her tremendous limbs to the ends urged by her awakening national consciousness, after the sight of the unflagging and uncomplaining courage of "decadent" France, is the pre-eminent spectacle of this war.

The story of what has happened in that low, whitish building during the past eighteen months is the story of a struggle within a struggle. It is the story of the fight that the Russian people are making to be allowed to fight Germany unhampered by the shackles of their own imperfect rulers. It is the story of a democracy organizing for self-preservation.

The *Zemsky Sayuze* (union of the zemstvos) is the central organization that ties up all the local provincial self-governing bodies of expansive Russia. The *Gradsky Sayuze* might be called in English the "Union of the Town Councils." Within the direct or indirect reach of one or the other of these bodies come most of Russia's 170,000,000 sons and daughters.

At the time of Russia's war with Japan, Prince Lvov, one of the comparatively large group of titled Russians that have lost interest in the narrow class programme of the nobility in the furtherance of the interests of all Russia, saw the possibilities of the zemstvo organization if devoted to war work. Before the Peace of Portsmouth he had so well demonstrated the potentialities of the zemstvo union in sanitation and other subsidiary military work that when the blood-red sun of war threw its rays athwart the great Russian plain again in August, 1914, Prince Lvov and the other zemstvo union leaders at once offered to the Government the resources of the approximately four hundred provincial assemblies guided by the central committee of the *Sayuze*. The Government, loth as ever to bestow any power upon any popular body, at first hesitated, then accepted the union's offer of help so far as military sanitation was concerned, but specified that none of the zemstvo doctors and nurses should be allowed in the field hospitals near the front. As the terrible carnage grew, however, the Government reluctantly withdrew this prohibition by degrees, and now grudgingly permits the fifty splendid sanitary trains of the zemstvos to steam up to within smelling distance of German powder manned by their own surgeons and nurses. To-day, through the zemstvos, the rank and file of Russia's civilian population supports 170,000 beds for wounded soldiers. The War Office itself maintains only from 80,000 to 100,000 beds, while the *Gradsky Sayuze* or municipality union supports 70,000 and the Russian Red Cross takes care of only 40,000. Thus the majority of Russia's wounded soldiers—the 240,000 who lie in the beds of the zemstvo and municipality unions—are nursed and cared for directly by the average citizens of Russia. That fact alone is bound to affect the future history of Russia.

With a foresight and efficiency hitherto unknown in Slavland this citizens' organization runs its affairs. Most of the medical supplies are imported, much of the material coming from America, and agents of the union go to Archangel and to Tornea, on the border between Finland and Sweden, to rush the incoming supplies to the storehouse in Moscow, from which the Central Committee distributes them among the various hospitals scattered throughout Russia.

When the sanitary service had been got to run smoothly, the energies of the millions of Russians in the four hundred district unions of forty-two provinces represented by the Central Committee demanded another outlet. Through their Committee these millions of Russians asked to be allowed to help feed the army. Again the Government was inclined to refuse permission for what it considered would be an activity that would give the Russian people a sense of their own power and unity and would bring the army yet closer to the people behind it—both bad things. But again the press of crying needs forced a reluctant consent.

The zemstvos began by feeding the sappers, and now every one of the 350,000 sappers in the Czar's army is fed by the hand of the people, with no Government official acting in an intermediary position as waiter to encourage the less intelligent soldiers to overlook the fact that inevitably, in the last analysis, an army is supported by its people, anyway. Steadily forcing the unwilling consent of the Government to help beat the ostensible enemy of that Government, the zemstvos next organized a force of 10,000 sappers of their own. These men to-day are permitted to help their ruler and country to the extent of digging reserve trenches; the first-line trenches are still dug by the Government sappers.

Slowly but surely the zemstvo commissary

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is expanding. The feeding of soldiers going to and coming from the front over the railways is still done by the regular army commissary. But the zemstvos have established "feeding points" along the lesser crowded wagon roads leading to the front, and all the reserves going forward afoot get their meals at these "points," while the life of many a wounded soldier or destitute refugee making his painful way rearwards has been saved by the hot tea and black bread of the zemstvo "restaurants."

The third important phase of the advancement of democracy in the organization of a nation at war was the privilege now secured by the zemstvos of taking a share in clothing the army. Practically all the shoes worn by Russian soldiers to-day are made by the brothers, sisters, fathers, and mothers of these men. The Government has granted the zemstvos a monopoly of all the animals killed at the front, and the hides of these beasts are converted into shoes. The necessary tanbark for tanning the hide has been imported from America, but recently a leaf has been discovered in the Caucasus which does just as well, and now tanneries are being built in the glens of the mountains of that wild part of Russia. When the hides have been tanned, they are distributed among the different zemstvos, and the number of shoes which each branch council is to make is determined. Each local zemstvo has its own labor; in fact, its control of employment is one thing that gives the zemstvo so much influence among the masses of the people. The price charged the Government is just enough to pay the cost of the labor and to meet the other expenses involved in making the shoes.

Some years ago the shoemakers in the south of Russia attempted to organize, but the discouragement of the Government, which has always been wary of all organizing movements for fear that sooner or later they will become political, was so severe in the shape of red-tape regulations hindering the shoemakers in the acquisition of raw material, that the shoemakers lost heart. Now the zemstvo union gets the material for them, and the necessary capital, too, for the time being. The zemstvo union receives the shoes when finished and passes on their quality in the presence of the agent of the War Office.

As well as making practically all the shoes for the army, the zemstvos are now making much of the clothing. The extent to which the zemstvos have got into this business, and the skill of their Central Committee in apportioning work, are indicated by the fact that an order for two hundred thousand sheepskin coats for the little brothers of Russia in Servia was filled in two weeks.

For a long time the zemstvos had asked the Government to be allowed to make ammunition, but always their requests were refused, until after the disastrous Galician campaign last summer with its reports of men going into the trenches without rifles or cartridges, whole regiments falling back because their caissons were empty, and the scandal about graft in the purchase of ammunition. Now the zemstvos are making ammunition—only a small part of the total supply, but the amount is steadily increasing. The zemstvo union has been particularly valuable in co-ordinating small industries in the manufacture of *amooneetseeya*, including many "home" industries. Big shells, and even rifle cartridges, are difficult to make, but bombs and hand grenades are easier. Calling on a Russian family in Moscow one afternoon, I found one of these home factories in full blast, the entire family, consisting of father, mother, two sons, and two daughters, sitting in a back room and making grenades while they discussed the latest play at the Fine Arts Theater.

Working hand in hand with the zemstvos are the co-operative societies for which Russia is justly famous. There are now somewhat more than thirty-five thousand co-operative societies in Russia, with male members to the number of 12,000,000, and more societies are constantly being formed. The famous butter *artels* of Siberia are keeping the nation supplied with butter, while the linen-making *artels*, which have been in existence only two years, are making for Russia the cloth that was formerly made in England from Russian flax.

The zemstvo union is using the co-operative society in the mobilization of Russia's industry which has been mistakenly put off by Government interference until the angry clamor of the nation has forced the Government to yield.

The tremendous growth of co-operative societies has necessitated the formation of *Sayuze*. This union movement is the most characteristic feature of the recent development of co-operatives in Russia. Co-operation has had a tremendous molding power on the lives of the Russian masses, who have, perhaps, been especially receptive towards it

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because of their inherited predilections for communal life. The co-operative societies have taught the peasants the necessity of organization for self-improvement, particularly for cultural development. The co-operatives have welded together the peasant *intelligentsia.* They are now the cultural centers of the Russian villages.

This is a fact of great importance with the war going on. And the war has been a great stimulus to centripetal motion in the masses. The common desire to defeat Germany in what every Muscovite considers a just war of self-defense is bringing a strange unity to Russia's population. This is dangerous to an unpopular autocratic government, and the Government realizes it. The Government knows that its strength lies in keeping the people divided; the long history of provocation bears witness how well the Government has known this. The bureaucracy fears all popular amalgamations, for through them the people may come to know their real strength; and, moreover, there is no telling when a union formed for the pursuit of business, agriculture, or literature will become political, and consequently dangerous.

Hence the stubborn unwillingness to grant any power to the union of the zemstvos and the co-operative societies. The Government is in the position that an old-fashioned Southern gentleman of the United States would be in if, being attacked by two highwaymen, he perceived a burly Negro coming to his assistance. He would accept the aid of the latter, not because he liked alliances with Negroes, but because he was in dire need of help against the highwaymen.

Each time that the Government has accepted the proffered aid of the zemstvos it has done so simply because it could not survive without it.

And the Government's suspicion that the structure of the union which was built for economic activities might be used for political purposes was well founded. Not that there is any open political propaganda carried upon by the zemstvo union, but the mere existence of this bond knitting together millions of Russians is a tremendous political fact. In the mobilization of industries for war, peasants and intellectuals are working shoulder to shoulder, and both are learning thereby. And the joke is that the Government is aiding this fusion by spending money through the zemstvos and by directly subsidizing the co-operative societies. Thus the Government is spending money to promote the democratic amalgamation of society, the very thing that it most wants to avoid.

Thousands of Russians who never had a chance at public life before are getting it now through the union of the zemstvos, the co-operative societies, and the general organizing of a nation at arms. The army is getting to know the people and the people are getting to know the army as never before. The soldier who is fed, clothed, washed, and nursed by representatives of the people will be likely to shoot high if ever he is directed to suppress a popular uprising; nay, will he not be likely to lend his own strength to any organized effort vital to the welfare of the people that are to-day caring for him?

Terrible as it is in its most palpable forms, this war may be a good thing for Russia. It is a turning-point in Russian history. Through it the heart of Russia has learned to know the brain and feed it, and the brain of Russia has learned to know the heart and direct it.

II—ITALY AND SERVIAN AID

BY GINO C. SPERANZA

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE OUTLOOK IN ITALY

Rome, January 25.

THROUGH the courtesy of the American Embassy I was able to-day to have a talk with the one official of the United States who is accredited to a "government without a country," and who represents the Republic to a nation which exists only in the hearts of its stricken and exiled children—the heroic Kingdom of Servia. If the Hon. George L. Lorillard, Chargé d'Affaires of the United States of America, just returned from Albania to Italy, would tell even half of what he has seen there, much would be made clear of an incomprehensible situation which to us, who are geographically near to its stage, portends not only mystery but tragedy.

Mr. Lorillard looks like a man who can take care of himself, and it is well, for, though accredited to Servia, he has been unable to

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tread Servian soil, but has had to share the uncertain peregrinations of the ever-moving capital of the fugitive Kingdom. Needless to say that for an official in Mr. Lorillard's circumstances the prerogatives of diplomatic life are merely empty phrases; transferring the "legation" from Scutari to Durazzo meant traveling on horseback for several days as best he could over roads which at many places are either mule-paths or beds of streams swollen by icy waters from the snow-capped mountains. To the discomfort of the road was added the excitement of Austrian "albatrosses," or high-flying aeroplanes, which frequently dropped bombs from the skies on anything that looked like a mass of human beings, indifferent as to whether they were soldiers or happened to be civilian non-combatants.

The country through which our Chargé passed was strewn with corpses of men who had fallen from exhaustion and exposure, and not infrequently one saw men dying by the roadside, abandoned in their extremity by their companions, who were helpless to aid and whose own turn might soon come; hundreds of dead horses, many of them stripped of their hide by Albanian brigands, who often skinned them before the poor dumb, exhausted beasts had breathed their last, added to the horror and dangers of travel. "Every man for himself" and "Every hand raised against your neighbor" seem to be the rules of life in that distracted section of the world; but we must not be too censorious, for they are the rules of despair, brought on by conditions which for twenty years we had dreamed could never again visit civilized mankind.

The fortunes of war, when they turned against Servia, left its heroic defenders without a commissary or other military organization to supply or even to feed the soldiers; there were practically no officers to look after them as organized units, but each man had to shift for himself, and this after five long years of almost uninterrupted fighting. The scattered remnants which reached Montenegro and Albania (now estimated variously at between seventy thousand and one hundred thousand men) are mostly barefoot, generally unarmed, not a few dressed or covered with sacks, having lost or sold their uniforms and accouterments, many of them the victims of merciless highway robbers, and all of them—all of them—famished.

Yet the opinion in conservative and authoritative places is unanimous that if these stricken men, who only a short while ago were admittedly the finest soldiers in Europe, can be concentrated in safe and comfortable camps, thoroughly rested, amply fed, and newly armed, the Servian nation, though landless, may nevertheless in a few months be able to put in the field an efficient army of one hundred thousand fighting men.

What is being done for the suffering sons of Servia? and what can we Americans do for them?

The question is far from simple, and it will be well for those across the seas not to make rash judgments of apparent delays and the seeming impossibility of applying that ancient and practical rule of philanthropy that he who gives quickly gives doubly.

Let us consider, briefly, the actual situation of the lower Adriatic coast; for the gates of refuge or of aid to the Serbs must be sought there. These gates are the ports of Albania, which are ports only in a relative sense, for they are all too shallow for ships of heavy draught. The only good harbor near that section of the coast is the naval base at Cattaro, from which the Austrians can not only harass all shipping bound for Albania, but, with their aeroplanes, are able to keep a sharp watch on the naval and military movements of the Allies.

It is true that, despite Austrian boasts, the fleet of Francis Joseph at Cattaro, which includes two of the four dreadnoughts of the Imperial navy, has been effectively bottled up in that harbor, its most recent attempt to come out and bombard the Albanian coast ending, as you may remember, in the loss of two of Austria's most modern destroyers and in the serious injury of at least one of her light cruisers. Nevertheless, through her submarines, her floating mines, her hydroplanes and other air-craft, Austria can, and does, make traffic in the lower Adriatic a very dangerous proceeding, as is amply evidenced by a statement made to me by a high Italian official, that the convoying or other transportation of supplies from Italy to the Albanian coast involves each time the dislocation of *thirty* naval units of the Italian and Allied fleets in that section of the Mediterranean.

To these military difficulties in reaching the gates of Servian relief must be added a political one of much moment. With Servia and Montenegro wiped off the European map, with Greece helpless if not treacherous, with uncertainty and disorganization in the

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entire Balkan situation, the nearest semblance of that order without which organized aid cannot be extended is to be found in Albania. But even when we speak of Albania we cannot be deceived by what is largely a name, juridically it is an independent state under that ridiculous puppet sovereign, the Prince of Wied, who was deservedly, though high-handedly, driven out of Albania. The *de facto* government to-day in central and southern Albania is in the capable hands of Essad Pasha, a native of force and ability, even though few of us would like him as a neighbor. A despot and a law unto himself, he is the only negotiable figure in that unruly country, where he has organized an army of some twenty thousand men who are really gendarmes of the *rurales* type. Behind Essad, the ruler of Albania, stands Italy, whose occupation of Avlona several months ago constitutes to-day the one hope of lending a hand to the Servians as well as of checking the Bulgaro-Austrian advance in the Balkans from the Adriatic side.

What has Italy done to aid the Serbs, as she had pledged to do through her Foreign Minister, Sidney Sonnino, in his speech to Parliament of December 1, 1915? Mr. Lorillard, fresh from Albania, where he had special opportunities to observe conditions and to study means and ways, gave it as his opinion that Italy's work on behalf of the Servians had been greatly underestimated. Among the things she has done, and in whose accomplishment she has suffered substantial losses in shipping and men, may be set forth the following: Transporting to her shores some twenty thousand civilian refugees from Servia, carrying over at least an equal number of Austrian prisoners of the Serbs, and contributing a substantial share to the work of saving the remnants of the army of King Peter. To this must be added the transportation of large quantities of supplies and foodstuffs until this had to be stopped (temporarily, let us hope) because as soon as the goods were landed they were destroyed by Austrian air-raiders, or, if undisturbed by the enemy, the absence of men and of pack-trains made it impossible to transport them inland.

Nor must we forget that Italy's maritime facilities are relatively few; that much of her industrial life, and to a certain extent her military life as well, depend on her ability to get a constant supply of coal from abroad, and that to-day her shipping is insufficient to meet the needs of her own population; hence it is that she can ill spare the vessels she is using and the vessels she has lost in carrying out her pledge of aiding Servia.

To this fundamental consideration must be added the fact that, besides undertaking the work of transporting thousands of Servian refugees, soldiers, and prisoners, she has been engaged in landing an army at Avlona, including considerable heavy artillery, and amply provisioning and munitioning this army beyond the danger of its being cut off. Thus we can gauge more fairly the work undertaken by Italy on behalf of Servia, and to measure the difficulties under which it has been carried out.

To what Italy has done officially must be added a substantial contribution of unofficial and private aid. Hospitable doors have been opened to Servians everywhere, and ways and means are under consideration to establish agricultural colonies for the Serbs in Italy, and other projects for self-help. Here in Rome one sees Servian army men everywhere, and just now we have sixty members of the Servian Parliament as visitors, while Bari, Gallipoli, and Brindisi have welcomed distinguished men from that brave country, including artists, Government officials, and leaders in professional life.

What can Americans do? That the need is great is not only amply testified to by members of Servian relief committees just back from the east Adriatic shore with whom I have spoken, but is confirmed by Italian officials whom I have addressed on the subject. Mr. Lorillard states that the general feeling among the Servians was, and is, that the United States would help them on the scale and in the manner in which we helped Belgium. But the conditions in Belgium and among Servian refugees are by no means alike, and the difficulties in the way of helping the latter are essentially different from those which confronted American philanthropy among the Belgians.

First of all, we must not overlook the fact that American relief cannot go to the aid of the Servian *soldiers;* even though they now constitute an army of famished men, they are still soldiers of a nation at war which has not capitulated, and cannot, therefore, be made the objects of aid by a neutral nation or its citizens. This part of the work of relief must be left to the Allies, who have every interest, moral as well as military, to see that it is promptly and amply extended.

For the civilian population left in Servia

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the channel for aid must be sought through the central empires. The members of the Stuart Commission from America still left in Europe (some, I believe, are now in Vienna) may be a valuable nucleus for this work.

From the Italian end Ambassador Page is watching for any opening which may present a favorable and practical basis for aid. At Brindisi and Gallipoli members of American missions are at work on behalf of the refugees transported from Albania by Italy. Money and supplies are not lacking, though, of course, there can never be too much.

I have just said good-by to two young American engineers, members of the former Sanitary Commission for Servia, Messrs. E. H. Gage and G. W. Bakeman, who leave to-night for Brindisi. They have been with the Servians on their retreat after aiding them since last May in works of sanitation. Reaching Italy from Salonika with relatively little difficulty, they were sent to Albania to report on the possibilities of aiding Servian and other refugees there. After a week spent in Albanian towns, where they were welcomed and fraternally treated by members of the British Relief Commission, they returned to Brindisi, crossing with a ship-load of refugees under the escort of Italian destroyers; the voyage, which normally requires about ten hours, was made in twenty-two, over a zig-zagged course, and in constant danger of submarines and air-raiders, which made some near hits with explosive bombs.

These two Americans had come to Rome to get instructions from our Ambassador, and this gave me an opportunity to interview them. While they consider that some of the stories of Servian refugees sent to the American press are somewhat fanciful, they nevertheless confirm the general report and opinion that, though conditions are very serious, the situation is such that practically nothing can be done at present to relieve it, this applying especially, in their opinion, to the Montenegrins. They state that supplies when landed cannot be moved, that in certain sections the roads are so bad at this season that draught animals get stuck in bottomless mud and have to be left to die in it, that horses are plentiful and cheap but feed and hay are at such prohibitive prices that they constitute an added burden to the situation. Practically the only feasible method for aiding the refugees on the Adriatic coast is to remove as many of them, and as quickly, as shipping and the enemy will allow. Possibly, if America could send ships, some arrangement could be worked out with the Italian Government for assisting in this hazardous labor of transportation, but much would depend on the military, and especially on the naval, situation in the lower Adriatic at the time of the tender of services.

I asked these American workers if they could confirm or deny the statement made to me by a well-informed person that the civilians who remained in Servia (that is, men of even remotely possible military use) were tattooed by their conquerors, and, having been thus plainly marked, were allowed to go back to their homes. They had no information on this point, having left Servia just ahead of the retreating army, but they scouted the idea, believing that, on the whole, the Servians who remained in their land were relatively (in a physical sense) better off than those who declined to remain, choosing exile, suffering, and death rather than submit to the rule of the enemies of their country.

For these, then—for the fugitive survivors of these humble friends of freedom—American sympathy and philanthropy can do much. "These people," said Mr. Gage, as he and his companion started to go, "have ceased to *think;* they have suffered too much and too long; the thing to do now is to rest them, clothe them, and feed them till their broken spirit is made whole again."

These refugees will probably be placed in camps or colonies in Italy, Corsica, and possibly Algeria. Many of them are well above the peasant class, being Government employees who formerly held civil positions. The American workers here will soon be laboring among them, but many others may be needed. Let it not be assumed in America that the only useful persons for such work are trained men, nurses, or engineers; nor let it be overlooked in all plans for aid and relief that Europe is engaged in a tremendous life-and-death struggle for freedom, and that foreign philanthropy must not expect that liberty of action to which it has been accustomed in times of peace.

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MOTHERS' PENSIONS—GRAFT, CHARITY, OR JUSTICE?[1]

BY JANE GREY POTTER

I ENTERED upon mothers' pension investigation work literally in the dark.

The door of a dingy boarding-house opened and a slatternly, "painted lady" looking sort of person ushered me into a hallway as black as a pocket. I told her I had come from the Mothers' Pension Office, and she asked me to take a seat. The only one available was in the hat-rack, and there we sat and talked low, "so the boarders couldn't hear."

After a half-hour's conversation I had gleaned the following facts: Robert H. had been lately sent to the State prison to serve a two years' term for committing a felony. He had served a previous term for a like offense. His wife, the speaker's sister, was left without support with three children, the youngest only a few months old. Her mother and married sisters had "helped her out" for several months, but now felt that they could do so no longer. Mrs. H. had heard of the mothers' pension, and, considering herself a deserted wife with dependent children, had made application for it.

There were some knotty problems involved in this case—as it turned out, Mrs. H. was not granted the pension—but in the course of my work on it, and on many others subsequently, various aspects of the mothers' pension as an institution unfolded themselves—the different bearings, values, and difficulties of the problem.

Some of those difficulties undoubtedly are increased by the lack of understanding as to what mothers' pensions are and why they are.

Mothers' pension acts belong with workmen's compensation acts, minimum wage laws, and eight-hour labor laws—paternalistic legislation, distinctly modern, due to the growing public demand for greater sympathy and more justice in social relations. The modern world is inclined to fight the cruelties of the "natural law," and, as a consequence, urges that men, women, and children be more and more restricted in their hours of labor, that indemnity be granted for injury to a bread-winner, and that State assistance be given to widowed mothers. All these demands are made in an effort artificially to preserve the individual in the unequal struggle going on between him and the "natural law."

Twenty-seven States are granting mothers' pensions. But the public cannot authorize the passage of a law, then wash its hands of any further obligation and responsibility and expect success to result. The mothers' pension plan needs intelligent public interest, discussion, and opinion to guide it, else it will fall short.

Just what are mothers' pensions? it may be asked.

Mothers' pension laws are different in different States, but usually those whom they make eligible for "State assistance" are (1) mothers who have been left widows with minor children and no means of support, or (2) mothers who have been deserted by their husbands and left with a family on their hands and no funds.

The pension funds are always State money, not Federal. In some States each county appropriates for the fund, the State appropriates an equal amount, and the fund is administered at each county seat by a board of trustees (unpaid) appointed by the Governor. In some States the county judge or the judge of the juvenile court or the county board of charities is the arbiter of the fund.

Perhaps nobody, unless it be a "social worker," realizes the appalling number of women who are left widows, practically penniless and with young children—some with *many* young children, for it is in the badly provided for families that the most children are born.

History always repeats itself in the mothers' pension offices—the supply of funds is never equal to the demands upon them. Apparently—it may be deliberately—no State has ascertained the need before appropriating, so the pensions granted are limited to the persons whose need is greatest. This means, of course, selection and investigation.

If all mothers left widowed or deserted could be awarded a pension, the work of the administrators would be easy, almost perfunctory. But a law giving State assistance in any such easy-going fashion would cer-

[1] An editorial discussion of this question will be found elsewhere in this issue.—THE EDITORS.

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tainly be contrary to good public policy. The State does not wish to create a dependent class; its only object in granting pensions to mothers can be to prevent the existence of such a class, or, if it exists, to try to abolish it. If the administrators could follow a "first come, first serve" rule in regard to applications until the fund was exhausted, their path would be smooth. But if, under that rule, a half-dozen shifty individuals were to add the "easy money" of the State to the perhaps ill-gotten gains already jingling in their pockets, and were to go grinning about among their neighbors with the tale of how they had "put it over," such a howl of "Graft!" would go up as to condemn the entire plan.

Investigation is a necessary part of the plan of mothers' pensions in the interest of both parties, the State and the applicant, but in the process the administrators can employ wisdom and tact. Indeed, in the wisdom or lack of it shown by those whose business it is to determine who shall and who shall not have the fund lies the success or failure of the whole scheme.

Of course certain common-sense *sine qua nons* for applicants will naturally suggest themselves: (1) The needy woman with many children should come before the needy woman with but one or two. (2) The widowed mother should come before the deserted mother. (3) The family of a naturalized citizen should come before that of an alien. (4) The mother with minor children should come before the mother with children able to earn wages.

In the course of friendly visits with widowed mothers one comes upon all sorts of brave struggle, no two of them alike, and hears tales that range from low comedy to high tragedy.

Take the case of Martha B. Her husband had lately died, leaving her with eight children and expecting another. I found her in the process of moving. Her house denuded of its furniture, her widowhood, her prospects of motherhood for the ninth time, her only child of working age out of a job—nothing cast her down. She was a firm believer in Christian Science, she told me. She would like to have the pension, but she was quite sure she would get along, anyhow! Anna would find a job, she herself would take a "boarder"—something would turn up! I stood (there was nothing to sit down upon) for nearly an hour talking with her before I could tear myself away. Her cheerfulness was so phenomenal—I could not comprehend it.

One woman, with practically no teeth, but with a jolly, sparkling eye and a droll manner, told me of her marriage at sixteen against her parents' wishes, and the happy years with her husband until "he got to going wild"—how he drank himself to death, being "treated by the boys," and left her in a strange city with four small children, one a mere baby, who soon died. Too proud to ask her parents for help and fearing their "I told you so's," she worked on a farm, rising in the mornings at four o'clock, milking cows, feeding pigs, cooking for the farm hands, till she had fallen sick from so much lifting and standing on her feet and had to return to the city. Behind with the rent in one house, her landlord offered never to "press her" for it if she would consent to pay him "a visit" every now and then. She had taken up millinery work in a little establishment, but had grown deaf and lost her place. She was taking in washing now, and the two or three dollars a week from that and a part of her son's wages (a son who wanted to be married) were her sole income. She said she got so lonely sometimes she thought she would die, and then she put up a picnic lunch and went over to the cemetery and spent the day with "him"—he had been such good company when he was alive!

One case was a strange mixture of the pathetic and the ludicrous. An application had come in to the office, but nobody remembered the applicant. Her name and address were on the file, however, and I was requested to ascertain the facts as soon as possible, because the case had been advertised in a local newspaper as one of great need, with the suggestion that here was just the case for a mother's pension. The reporters of the newspaper interested had been in the Pension Office to urge the promptest action. I was sent out to investigate.

My route was a devious one. I went to the given address, and found a vacant house; information from neighbors sent me to a "mission" around the corner where Mrs. Jones (we will say) was "working." At the mission a sound of hymn-singing floated down to me as I waited just inside the front door. I thought I detected an air of hostility or suspicion on the part of the pastor, who finally came to speak to me. However, he gave me Mrs. Jones's present address, and

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told me she was one of his parishioners and the mission was paying her rent—she was not working there at present. I expressed some interest in the Gospel meeting evidently going on above stairs, and was conscious of an immediate transformation in the pastor's attitude. I now listened to unlocked gates of eloquence—I was being preached at. He assured me of wonderful cures made before his very eyes at the meetings—cures effected by faith and faith alone. The week had brought a man to the mission doors suffering in the last stages of cancer. He had been converted; and after a few meetings with the faithful he was now almost a well man!

"Where do you get your funds to run the mission?" I asked. The pastor was a lugubrious-looking person with a yellow complexion and straggly gray hair. "This mission is run on prayer," was his answer. I retreated.

Mrs. Jones's door was opened by a tall, red-cheeked lad of fourteen or so, with one or two babies at his heels. His mother had gone out, but would be back very soon. While I waited we talked, and he told me how he was off his job at the mill because of a "sore hand." I examined the hand, and found a very bad infection that looked like an abscess, with dirt grimed into it, and considerable swelling clear up to the elbow—the brilliant red cheeks were evidently fever cheeks. By the time Mrs. Jones came home the boy and I were quite friendly. The mother, frail and tired-looking, sat down with a crying baby in her arms, and I told her that I had come from the Mothers' Pension Office. She looked a little blank, but in a few moments we were talking of her prospects and ways and means. I spoke of the mission, and she said she had work there occasionally for a half-day. After a little I mentioned the boy's hand, and asked her if she would not let me take him to a big hospital near by and have his hand opened in the dispensary. She said she would rather not. Thinking she was naturally a bit timid, I assured her that I would see the thing through, and tried to persuade her that there was danger of blood-poisoning unless the doctor opened and cleansed the infection. Finally she said in a deprecatory way: "We're praying, and God will open the hand soon. I've just come back from the mission—the meeting prayed about it."

I tried not to show my consternation and surprise at this announcement. Feeling utterly helpless, I sat in silence, the boy's hand hot and throbbing under my fingers.

This was one shock. I was soon to have another. Mrs. Jones, it seemed, had never asked anybody but the mission for assistance. Somehow the newspapers had heard of her, and as a result of their advertisements—unsolicited—she had been besieged by charity organizations until she was bewildered. She could get along very well, she said. "But," said I, "didn't you apply to the office for a mother's pension?" "No, I've never seen the office." "But who could have been in there to put your name and address on file?" I asked her in amazement. She said she had no idea; probably one of the many charity visitors who had interested themselves through the newspapers in her had done it without so much as asking her! "But who have you been thinking I was?" "Oh, just another one of those ladies." This with the greatest sweetness and patience. I laughed outright, and so did she, and in a few minutes I took my departure, animadverting as I walked up the street upon the blundering and general foolheadedness of some reporters and charity workers.

The potential constructive value of the mothers' pension is pretty well proved. The consensus of opinion is that a thousand children brought up by their mothers are a better product in body, mind, and morals than a thousand children herded parentless in institutions. A small amount of money received monthly may mean to a mother the chance to keep her children with her. Five or ten dollars a month per child to a mother early may save the State a hundred times that amount later on.

If the State, by paying a mother five dollars a month for each dependent child during its minority, can prevent a whole family from falling into a condition of ill health, ignorance, and inefficiency, which would ultimately mean social waste and loss—*i.e.*, new candidates for hospitals, prisons, and reformatories—then it is making a wise investment.

If, on the other hand, by presenting a weekly wage to a mother the State encourages indolence, smothers energy, and raises up a dependent class with a the-world-owes-me-a-living attitude, then it is weakening itself by every cent it so spends.

The crux of the whole matter of the wisdom or unwisdom of mothers' pensions lies in the *administration of the fund*. Mothers' pension laws should be drawn with care and

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foresight, but, above all, the administrators who are to carry them out should be chosen with an eye to social as well as individual benefit, and they themselves should act with single-mindedness and common sense.

A board of trustees, appointed by the Governor, composed of intelligent and trained women, is the best devised machinery to insure this. Under a well-selected and high-minded body of workers mothers' pensions may be so administered as to make ridiculous all suspicions of "graft," remove all atmosphere of "charity," and fulfill the most far-reaching ends of justice.

"INFRA DIG"

BY DONAL HAMILTON HAINES

THE Inn of the White Ox is both an oasis and an anomaly. The first, because it stands in the midst of a heartless wilderness, which must be crossed in going from the edge of one civilization to the outposts of another; the second, because it is what it is.

To be consistent throughout, the White Ox should have a thatched roof with overhanging eaves, a bulging second story with projecting beams, and behind it there should be a pine-clad mountain with a glacier-born wind forever blowing down its slopes and onto the winding road before the inn.

Yet such is not the case. The White Ox has unlovely walls of mud and a corrugated iron roof which is visible for many miles. It stands in the center of an arid, dusty plain, rimmed by mountains as distant as the stars, and tinted all the colors of the rainbow. Close by the inn there is a spring of water miraculously free from alkali, which makes possible the hostelry's existence.

But over the door of the inn there hangs a sign which makes the anomaly perfect and the absence of the proper background the more strikingly apparent. In a land where cattle form the main business of life the prancing creature depicted on the sign confesses itself the work of an alien brain and hand. It is manifestly a conventionalized ox, such a beast as might serve the uses of heraldry. From its arched neck and impossible horns to the tip of its picturesque tail it is a subject for mirth to those travel-stained plainsmen who drop from their saddles before the door. Yet in a measure it prepares one for the interior.

It is eminently fitting that Gustav Holz, the innkeeper, and Marietta, his wife, are as they are. He is a ruddy, bearded, massive German, whose splendid physique gives no hint of the weak chest which drove him across the sea to a drier climate. His wife is a native of the sun-scorched land that surrounds the inn; lithe, brown, handsome, as different from her husband as day is from night. Yet Gustav has in a manner absorbed her. The strange life has sapped none of the Teuton from him. He has put his mark upon the inn and upon the woman he has made his wife.

It is a strange relationship. A castaway on a desert island might hold a native woman as his mate in such fashion as does Gustav. He dominates her; she regards him with a strange mixture of fear and admiration, not aspiring to the intimacy of love. To Gustav she is simply the wife. They are bound together irrevocably by the sacrament of marriage. His attitude toward her is exactly what it would have been toward a round-cheeked, fair-haired peasant girl of his native land.

In a land where there are no conventions, few restrictions of any sort, and courage is the only virtue which is held worthy of serious consideration, the handsome wife of an innkeeper might have been subject to annoyances. The guests, without exception, were rough, lonely men. But the peculiar position of the pair was their best defense. It had been easy for Laredo, Black Tom, or any of the other untamed riders who slept at the White Ox to slip a knife between Gustav's broad shoulders and carry off Marietta. But it would have been impossible to replace the White Ox!

And, without being forced to display it, Gustav was given credit for the possession of courage. He had a fashion of looking every man unsmilingly in the eye. He asked no questions, made no advances. He appeared to take for granted, with a confidence born of his own strength, that things would be as they should be. And Marietta went unmolested in consequence. Even those

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men to whom she pushed whisky across the zinc-topped bar employed guarded pleasantries and stiff compliments, and dreamed not of actual advances.

The White Ox had prospered from the day of its beginning. The guests were few in number, but they paid Gustav's high prices cheerfully. There was no competition, which was fortunate. It might have ruined Gustav, and it would certainly have inconvenienced his guests by saddling them with the necessity for making a choice.

It had not seemed that anything could affect Gustav's prosperity. The outbreak of the huge struggle in Europe, though it had a deep effect upon Gustav's conduct and made him spend many hours poring over week-old newspapers and muttering German oaths in his beard, but served, at first, to increase the business of the inn. Long strings of cattle and horses were incessantly moving toward the coast, and the rooms of the White Ox were seldom idle.

But this abnormal state of things could not last. There came a day when the supply of horses and cattle was exhausted, the huge clouds of dust moved no longer across the desert toward the coast, and the inn was empty and idle. The one servant of the White Ox (hitherto known to guests merely as a flutter of garments in the halls and a shrill voice calling in the kitchen) materialized into a lean, grizzled native woman who sat outside the rear of the building smoking cigarettes and staring at the desert.

For a few days Gustav held his peace. Then he broke out into a tirade against the war and the English, terrible because of the cold rage which shook him. Marietta, understanding nothing, listened, trembling.

"At any rate," she said, "I do not like it."

"No?" answered Gustav. "Why not?"

"There are no guests."

"Well, that is true; but neither do you have to work. And there is money to last a long time. We shall not be ruined."

"But there is no one here," she protested, "and all the days are alike."

He gave her a quick, searching look, but made no answer. A faint, terrifying suspicion entered his mind. He did not understand his wife. She was to him like some rare, exotic flower. To possess her at all was a sort of miracle. The spectacle of her discontent, the thought that he alone might be insufficient for her happiness, terrified him.

"There will be other guests soon," he said, hastily.

It was only the next day that Stanley Steevens came to the White Ox.

For more than an hour they had watched his slow approach across the shimmering floor of the desert, speculating idly as to his identity. That he would be a guest went without saying; all figures which appeared on the horizon became guests from force of circumstances.

"He would be a tourist," Gustav suggested, "but the war has done away with tourists."

"Perhaps one of those strange men who hunt for bugs and bits of stone," said Marietta.

"Very likely," agreed Gustav, and sat calmly to wait until his eyes could supplant useless conjectures by facts.

When the horseman was still a quarter of a mile distant, it was evident that he was not a plainsman. This much could be inferred from his seat and from the fact that he wore a sun helmet instead of a wide-brimmed hat. When he had come two hundred yards nearer, Gustav swore in German and rose from his chair.

"An Englishman!" he said.

Marietta went at once into the inn.

Steevens stopped his horse in front of the White Ox, and the two men exchanged a single glance. It was brief but searching; it took the fact of racial antagonism and hostility for granted and passed over it to more casual things.

"Can you put me up?" Steevens asked, shortly.

"My house is an inn," replied Gustav, and went forward to take the horse.

"I'm more in need of a bath than anything else," the Englishman said. "Could I, do you suppose—"

"In fifteen minutes," promised Gustav, then, raising his voice, "Marietta!"

Steevens raised his helmet as the slim figure appeared in the doorway and repeated his request.

"I'm very easily satisfied," he said, smiling pleasantly. "All that I ask is that the water is warm and that the tub's big enough for one satisfactory splash."

Marietta looked with childish directness and admiration at the brown face with the close-cropped yellow mustache, the tall, slim figure, the worn, neat clothes. She had never seen a man exactly like this one.

"I will show you your room," she said. "Then I will arrange the bath."

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Steevens followed her through the main room, blinking in surprise at the huge open fireplace, the strings of dried fruits and vegetables hanging from the ceiling, the array of glass and pewter behind the bar. Then, as he climbed the stairs, his eyes were fixed on the supple figure before him.

Marietta was conscious of the stare and astonished to find that it was not unpleasant. She lowered her eyes as she indicated the door of his room. She waited for him to speak. All guests said something pleasant. Her heart beat faster at the possibilities of what this man might say. But Steevens only thanked her curtly without looking at her, and closed the door of his room before she had turned away.

Alone in his room, Steevens stripped, lighted a cigarette, and threw himself on the bed.

"Queer business this," he muttered. "Mine host transplanted body and soul from the Black Forest and married to a savage little beauty. And how the man hates me, because, I suppose, I show I'm English." He chuckled. "Well, I suppose I like him none the better because he's so arrogantly German."

He smoked thoughtfully for a few minutes.

"He's probably searched my horse for secret papers, confound him!" he said. "They're all alike. H'm! I don't see why the time I spend here shouldn't be rather amusing."

Gustav had stabled the horse. He had been rather long about it, because he had searched the blanket, prodded about the saddle, and gone through an oilskin-covered roll strapped to the cantle. This done, he sat down on a bench in front of the stable, filled his big pipe, and smoked thoughtfully.

"Of course," he thought, "he is an officer. I have served; I know them. And what is he doing here? Nothing good, that is certain. Otherwise he would be at home. They are at least loyal; one must say that for them. I must have time to find out. If he plans to leave to-morrow, I must see to it that his horse is not fit for the road."

Steevens did not leave his room until time for the evening meal. Marietta served him, while Gustav sat near the doorway, stolid but watchful.

"There appears to be no key to the door of my room," Steevens said presently. "May I have one, please?"

Gustav stirred slightly in his chair.

"There is no lock," he answered. "It is an honest house, and there is no need of locks and keys."

"I didn't in the least question the honesty of the house," protested Steevens. "But it's a rough country and I'm carrying rather valuable papers. Of course your assurance is enough."

Then presently he began to talk. His speech was directed ostensibly at Gustav, but intended for Marietta's ears. It was the easy, clean-cut speech of a man who has seen a great deal of life and acquired a knowledge of what things will interest others. The innkeeper answered by grunts or not at all. Marietta was pricked into unexpected questions. Gustav rose uneasily from his chair, and motioned the woman to clear away the dishes.

"At what time to-morrow will you want your horse?" he demanded.

Steevens did not answer at once. He was feeling through his pockets, pretending a difficulty in finding pipe and tobacco pouch. In the course of his search he took out and laid on the table a thick packet of papers.

"To tell the truth," he answered, turning his head quickly enough to see that Gustav's eyes had narrowed at sight of the packet, "I think I shall stay on a bit. I have a bit of work to do before I reach the coast. I fancy I shall be freer of interruptions here."

"You will stay three or four days, perhaps?"

"About that, I imagine."

"And this work. Is there anything you require?"

"Thanks, no. Just clerical work and a bit of sketching. I saw there was a good table in my room, and I have the other tools."

Shortly afterward Steevens went to his room. Gustav waited until he heard the door close, then turned to his wife.

"While he is here," he said, "I will serve the meals and you will keep out of sight."

She gave him a startled look that settled almost at once into sullenness.

"I like to hear him talk," she said.

"You will do as I say," insisted Gustav.

Gustav sat alone until all the sounds in the inn had ceased. Then he took off his shoes, went into the kitchen, and selected a keen-bladed knife from the neat array of cutlery. He crept up the stairs, the knife held awkwardly but firmly in his hand.

It was very dark in the hall, but a crack of light showed beneath Steevens's door.

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Gustav flattened himself against the wall and listened. He could hear the rattling of papers, the occasional creak of a chair, and the rasping of a match. He stood there for more than an hour.

Finally the chair creaked again, there was a sleepy "Ho! hum!" as the Englishman rose and stretched himself. For a few moments he was audible, moving about the room, then the light flicked out and the springs of the bed squeaked.

The innkeeper left his post and crept toward the door. But he did not put his hand on the latch. He turned presently and crept softly back down the stairs.

"I shall wait," he muttered. "Perhaps I shall be able to get them without the knife."

For two days and two nights the grim, silent duel continued. Marietta, curious, frightened, dimly conscious that a struggle of some sort was in progress between her husband and the Englishman, obeyed her husband's command and kept herself out of sight.

Steevens played his game openly. He kept the rattling papers in his coat, but he gave Gustav plenty of chances to ransack his room. He went further; he commented upon Marietta's non-appearance and was frankly disappointed at his failure to see her. He talked freely enough, but never of those matters which he knew were forever in Gustav's mind. And he enjoyed himself less keenly than he had expected.

Gustav could not play the game in the same way. He could be furtive, but not subtle. He had the defense of a natural stolidity, yet it hid his actual feelings but indifferently well. He watched his guest and his wife with an unblinking steadiness which was terrible. Twice more he climbed the stairs in his stockinged feet with the knife in his hands, and twice more he crept back, muttering excuses for his inaction.

Steevens went to his room the third night thoughtfully. He had taken the papers out of his pocket at the table and looked at them while Gustav was in the room. Although he had not once looked at the innkeeper during the course of the meal, he had been sharply conscious of the tremendous strain behind the German's mask of stolid indifference. Instead of lighting his lamp he went straight to bed.

In the morning he sat up in bed and cursed himself with fervor.

"I am," he confessed, "possessed of an infinitely smaller soul than I would have thought. I don't know that I'm quite up to making a clean breast of it—which is what that honest dolt deserves!—but at least I'll put an end to the farce!"

He picked up his scattered possessions, left his room, and descended the stairs. Marietta was behind the bar, busy with a bit of sewing. Gustav stood in the open doorway, smoking his inevitable pipe.

"May I trouble you to saddle my horse?" Steevens asked, shortly. "I'm leaving at once."

Gustav turned abruptly. The mask of stolidity was no proof against the shock of astonishment. He stared at the Englishman as though the simple announcement of his departure was some appalling statement which he could not force himself to believe.

"But," he stammered, "you were to stay four days!"

"I have changed my mind," Steevens answered shortly, then turned to Marietta. "May I have breakfast at once, please?" he asked.

She paid no attention to his question. She was not even looking at him; she was looking at something which was taking place behind his back.

Steevens spun around sharply, thoroughly prepared for what he saw. Gustav stood not a dozen feet away from him, a heavy revolver in his hand. For an instant the two men stared at each other without moving, then Steevens's lean, powerful figure began gathering itself into a knot, like an animal preparing to spring, his eyes fixed on the motionless right hand of the other.

Gustav suddenly stretched out his hand, but, in time to check his spring, the Englishman saw that it was the butt and not the muzzle of the weapon that was pointing toward him.

"You will take this, please, and shoot me at once," Gustav said, calmly.

Steevens did not move.

"I don't understand," he faltered.

"You are an Englishman," Gustav continued in the same quiet, even tone, "the enemy of my people. You have important papers; you have said so. Also, though you have not said it, you are an officer. I know what those papers will be. I ought to take them. It is my duty. But I cannot get them without killing you. And I cannot kill you!"

"Why not?" Steevens demanded, involuntarily.

"You are my guest," answered the innkeeper, "the guest of the White Ox Inn.

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For two hundred and fifty years my people have been innkeepers, and not a single Holz has done anything to cast discredit upon his name or upon his house. There are things which the dignity of an innkeeper will not suffer. The life of his guest is sacred.

"Three times I have tried to force myself to kill you. I could not do it. I have saved the honor of my house and my name, but I have been a traitor to my country. I am not fit to live, yet I am too great a coward to kill myself. Here!"

And the hand which held the revolver jerked again toward the Englishman.

Steevens waited an instant, then put his hand into his pocket and drew out the thick packet of papers.

"You and I, Herr Holz," he said, "are a great ways apart. We come of hostile races. We dislike each other a great deal. Yet when it comes to matters of death and honor —which are perhaps the greatest things there are—all men are but men, and differences of race do not count. You spoke of matters which are beneath the dignity of the keepers of inns. There are things, too, which are beneath the dignity of all honest men."

He walked to the open fireplace, and threw the papers onto the smoldering coals. There was no sound in the room until they were reduced to a crinkling heap of glowing ashes. Then Marietta gave a long, gasping breath of relief.

"*Gracias á dios!*" she exclaimed, ran across the room, and flung her arms around Gustav's neck.

"And now," asked Steevens, "may I have my horse?"

When he was in the saddle, Steevens raised his sun helmet in silence, then rode away from the White Ox, sober and thoughtful. Several times he looked back at the gleaming roof of corrugated iron, and once he checked his horse and made a movement as though to turn and go back. But finally he shrugged his shoulders and put his horse to a lope.

"A thick-skulled, scheming clod," he muttered, "and yet capable of actions as far beyond me as the stars! I wonder what Herr Holz would think if he knew that the ashes on his hearth are those of an engineer's reports which told me that certain mining properties were worthless!"

THE READER'S VIEW

ATHLETICS AND PATRIOTISM

I have noticed in your article about "Public School Athletics" in the number for December 29, 1915, the following statement:

> The spectator who looked over his programme and had observed that ninety per cent of the boys bore foreign names must have been assured by the dramatic salute to the Flag, or "oath of allegiance," which the young athletes fairly roared out, with their right arms and hands stretched out to the emblem of their country, that a deep patriotism does not mean militarism, and that a man does not need to count four or five generations of American ancestors in order to be a first-class American citizen.

It seems to me that a spectator who could be assured of anything important in the matter of citizenship by hearing a number of young athletes roar, with their right arms stretched out, to an emblem must be easy of conviction. I am myself a convert to these ritualistic observances of citizenship; I think that roaring and emblems may be sanctified in their results. But, as a school committee man, I cannot believe that the task of our public schools in making Americans out of the miscellaneous material provided in our large cities is quite so simple as you imply. Children can be taught to roar overnight. Citizenship is a question of the assimilation of ideals for which one is willing to die. The two things stand, I think, on a somewhat different level.

JOSEPH LEE.

Boston, Massachusetts.

ORGANIZE AGAINST LYNCH LAW

I note your article on lynching. I have lived in the South long enough to see something of the spirit that makes lynching possible, and I know that in nearly every community there is a group of men who believe in lynching and who would be willing to take part in a lynching if sufficiently provoked.

There is one remedy for this evil which, I believe, would be effective, but which has not been sufficiently advertised. That is the organization of citizens to prevent mob action.

In almost any locality an organization which could count on twenty-five "minute-men" to turn out when needed could largely eliminate the danger of lynching. Such an organization could be managed and called together much like a volunteer fire company. The very fact that such an organization existed as a nucleus for action by right-minded citizens would go far to lead public opinion in the right direction and to discourage those who favor violence.

Ithaca, New York. JOHN B. SHEPARD.

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BY THE WAY

Apropos of the effort to fasten the Biblical prophecy as to the "beast" on the Kaiser and the Czar, respectively, a subscriber refers to Tolstoy's "War and Peace," in which Napoleon is identified with the prophecy, not only by name, but as to the duration of his power. The "beast's" power was to last forty-two months. Reading this as years, it coincides with Napoleon's age in 1812, when he was defeated in Russia.

An authority on zoölogy, Ellen Velvin, author of "From Jungle to Zoo," says that there are only two absolutely dumb animals in the world. They are the giraffe and the kangaroo. But how about that silent spotted coach dog which used to accompany stylish turnouts in the old days? Is he extinct in this age of the horseless carriage?—or did he really have a voice?

Criticising extreme plainness in dress on the part of the business woman, a new book called "The Efficient Secretary" says that such costume is permissible only when worn by a woman who is dainty, girlish, and very feminine. For others, "silk and crêpe shirt waists and walking suits are good clothes for business. A touch of lace or ribbon often adds a good deal to the look of a plain blouse, yet does not make it inappropriate for business."

"It will probably come as a surprise," says an English writer in an American trade journal, "to those who still have visions of army commanders penciling despatches in tents at dead of night to know that there are considerably more than a thousand typewriters (in special traveling cases) in use in the field at present." As this presumably refers to the British forces only, the total number of typewriters in use in the various armies must be much larger.

A letter to the "Times of India," published in Bombay, explains why woman suffrage does not appeal to the Hindu mind:

My purpos for writin on you this is to inform your many English Brothers not to give honor and devotion to your ladys because they will in the end becum proud and then they will want vote. Mans and womans are similar in this world and then why mans honors woman? If they honors old old woman one thing, but they honours young young lady. . . . Then this lady get proud like p-cock and then ask vote.

"Do Chinese soldiers carry their guns on the left shoulder?" a correspondent asks, referring to a picture in The Outlook of February 2. Inquiry of a Chinese authority elicits the statement that the modern Chinese armies use the Western manual of arms, and that, like the soldiers of other nations, they practice the "left shoulder shift" from time to time merely to avoid fatigue.

The feminine *naïveté* that is so amusing to the nautical man has a good illustration in this question asked by a young woman (as reported in the "Sailors' Magazine") who saw a monitor lying at anchor in Boston Harbor. She turned to her escort and said, "What makes that boat lie so low in the water—is it high tide?"

Pedro de Cordoba, an American actor of versatile talents, was asked recently what type or rôle is most difficult to play. "The farcical," he answered. "To enact farce successfully one must play with deadly seriousness. Half the effect is gone once you begin to act your part lightly. The constant strain to maintain this mock seriousness is, of course, exhausting, since you have no outlet for your emotions."

Mollie Fancher's death, which occurred almost immediately after the completion of her fiftieth year of invalidism, evokes a letter from a correspondent who says that another most remarkable invalid was Mrs. Bella Cook, who for fifty-four years was confined to her bed in a rear tenement on Second Avenue, New York City. She was nevertheless active in dispensing charity through funds intrusted to her, and is said to have received from 3,000 to 5,000 calls each year from her friends among both rich and poor.

The following golf story, which comes out of the West, may be taken with a grain of salt: "The ball shot in the direction of the rough, but it didn't land on the ground. Why? Well, because a porcupine jumped up from his hiding in the rough just at the crucial moment and the ball landed on his back and lodged between his bristles. What next? Why, that animal ran right toward the green and when he got there he shook himself. Out dropped the ball, and it rolled right into the cup, giving me the hole in one."

Certain American school-books, according to the Philadelphia "Press," are being reproduced in Japan with Oriental exactitude and exported to the United States for seven cents apiece. The same books, made in America, cost 33⅓ cents apiece.

The demand for copper in Europe has led to a shortage in small coins. "At the ticket windows of the subways in Paris," says the "Railway Age Gazette," "copies have been posted of the law of April 22, 1790, which states that the buyer of an article must provide the necessary change." Copper coins of any country are now, it is said, received in France as legal tender, and some cities have issued bills in two-cent, five-cent, or ten-cent denominations. Many of the copper coins have gone to Germany through Switzerland. The Germans' shortage may be inferred from the statement that copper obtained in this way costs them eighty cents a pound.

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